ALBIONS England.

Or Hiſtoricall Map of the ſame Iſland:

*proſecuted from the liues, Actes, and Labors of Sa-*turne, Iupiter, Hercules, and Æneas: Originalles of the Brutons, *and* Engliſh-men, *and Occaſion of the* Bru-*tons their firſt aryuall in* Albion. *Continuing the* ſame Hiſtorie vnto the Tribute to the *Romaines, Entrie of the* Saxones, *Inuaſion by the Danes,* and Conqueſt by the *Normaines.*

With Hiſtoricall Intermixtures, Inuention, and Varietie: proffitably, briefly, and pleaſantly, performed in Verſe and Proſe by *William Warner.*

Imprinted at London by George Ro-*binſon for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the* great North-doore of S. Paules Church at the ſigne of the Byble.

ALBION'S England.

Or Historicall Map of the same Island:

presented from the Lives, Acts, and Labors of Saturne, Jupiter, Hercules, and Aeneas: Or from the Saturnians, and Englishmen, and Dorysmen, the Saturns their first argument in Albion. Gaining the same Ancient Tables to die, Beneath Lines of the Sixth, Angrist, Dear and Conquest of the Alexander.

With Historicall Intermixtures, Invention, and Varieties profitably, briefly, and pleasantly, performed in Verse and Prose by Wallaby Yeast.

Imprinted at London by George Robinson for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the great North-doore of S. Paules Church at the signe of the Byble.

To the right Honorable, my very good Lord and Maister: *Henrie Carey, Barron of Hunsdon: Knight* of the most noble Order of the Garter: Lord Chamberlane *of her Maiesties most Honorable Houshold:* Lord Gouernour of *Barwicke*: Lord Warden of the *East Marches for and anempst* Scotland: *Lord* Liefetennant of *Suffolke* and *Norfolke*: Captaine of her Maiesties Gentlemen Pensioners: and one of her Highnes most Honorable Priuie Councell.

THis our whole Iland, *aunchiantly called* Brutaine, *but more anchiantly* Albion, *presently contaynyng two Kingdomes*, ENGLAND, *and* SCOTLAND, *is cause (right Honorable) that to distinguish the former, whose only Occurrants Fabridge, from the other, remote from our Historie, I intitell this my Booke* ALBIONS ENGLAND. *A Subiect, in troth (if self conceit worke not a partiall Iudge) worthie your Honorable Patronage: Howbeit*

 basely

baſely paſſed vnder ſo badd an Auctthor. But for great Parſonages gratfully to intertaine the good willes of bad workmen, is anſwerable to themſelues, and animating to feeble Artiſtes. I therefore ſecure of your Honors Clemencie, and herein not vnlike to Phaoton, *who at the firſt did fearfully admier euen the Pallas of* Phœbus, *but anon feareles aduenture euen the preſence of* Phœbus, *hauing dedicated a former Booke, to him that from your Honor deriueth his Birth, now ſecondly preſent the like to your Lordſhippe: with ſo much the leſſe doubt, and ſo much to more duetie, by how much the more I eſteeme this my latter labour of more valewe, and (omitting your high Tytelles) I owe, and your Lordſhip expecteth eſpetiall duetie at the hands of your Seruaunt. And thus (right Honorable) hoping better then I can performe, and yet fearing leſſer then I may offend, deſirous to pleaſe, deſpret of praiſe, and deſtitute of a better Preſent, I make tender only of good will, more I haue not, for your Honors good worde, leſſe I hope not.*

Your Lordſhips moſt duetifull and
humble Seruant, *W. Warner.*

To the Reader.

WEll knowe I, that Pearles low-priſed in *India* are precious in *England:* that euen *Homer* was ſlightly aucthoriſed in *Greece*, but ſingularly admyred elswheare: and that, for the moſt part, the beſt Authors find at home their worſt Auditors: howbeit whatſoeuer Writor is moſt famous, the fame is therefore indebted to his natiue Language: Neither preferre I aboue three ſpeeches before ours, for more ſententious. Onely this error may be thought hatching in our Engliſh, that to runne on the Letter, we often runne from the Matter: and being ouer prodigall in Similies, wee become leſſe profitable in Sentences, and more prolixtious to Sence.

Written haue I alreadie in Proſe, allowed of ſome: and now (friendly Reader) offer I Verſe and Proſe, attending thine indifferent Cenſure. In which, if groſely I fayle (as not greatly I ſo feare) in Veritie, Breuitie, Inuention, and Varietie, profitable, patheticall, pithie, and pleaſant, ſo farre of ſhall I be from being oppynionat of myne owne labours, that my ſelfe will alſo ſubſcribe, to preſcribe the ſame for obſurd and erronious. But in vayne is it either to intreat or feare the curtious or captious: the one will not cauell, nor the other be reconſcyled.

My labor is paſt, and your liking to come: and thinges hardly founded, may eaſely be confounded: Arrogancie is *Lynx*-eyed into aduantage: Enuie capiable of the leaſt error: and inconſiderat and ſelfe conceipted Readers, to detract from other mens Trauailes, deale as did ſacraligious *Denys* in the Heathen Temples, who to ſtripp the Idolles of their golden Ornaments, alledging the ſame

for

for Sommer to hot, and for Winter to colde, ſo inriched himſelf, and robbed the Saint. But ſuch are good minds, and the Contraries of theſe men in reading of Bookes, as were the Paganes in reuerencing their Gods, ſacrafiſing as deuoutly to a woodden *Iupiter*, as to a golden *Iupiter*: to an Oxe, a Cat, or vnreuerent *Priapus*, as to the Sunne, the Starres, or amiable *Venus*: deuotion and diſcretion being euermore ſenceles in ditraction. Of the latter ſorte therfore I craue pardon, preſuppoſing their patience, to the former, preſuppoſing impatience, I offer pardon: reſting to either, and to you all, in good will ſuch as I ſhould:

Yours. W. W.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

¶ The first Booke of *ALBIONS* England.

CHAP. I.

I Tell of things done long agoe, of manie thinges in few:
And chiefliе of this Clyme of ours, the Accidents purſue.
Thou high Director of the ſame aſſiſt my Artleſſe pen,
To write the geſts of Brutons ſtoute, and acts of Engliſhmen.

When arkèd Noah, and ſeuen with him the emptie worldes remain,
Had left the inſtrumentall meane that landed them againe:
And that both man and beaſt, and all did multiplie with ſtore,
To Aſia Sem, to Affricke Cham, to Europe Iapheth bore
Their Families. Thus triple wiſe the worlde deuided was:
one language common vnto all: vntill it came to paſſe
That Nembroth ſonne to Chus, the ſonne of Cham, olde Noah his ſonne,
In Chaldia (neuer ſeene before) an Empire had begunne:
As hee and his audatious crewe the Tower of Babell reare,
Pretending it ſhould checke the cloudes, ſo to auoide the feare
Of following floodes, the Creator of creatures beheld
The climing tops of cloud-high Towers, and more to bee fulfilde.
To cut of which ambitious plot, and quaſh their proude intent
Amongſt a worlde of people there bee ſundrie ſpaches ſent,
So that, vnable to conferre about the worke they went,
The Tower was left vnfiniſhed: and euerie man withdrewe
Himſelfe apart, to ioine with thoſe whoſe language beſt hee knew:
And thus confuſed tongues at firſt to euerie nation grewe.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

THe Babylonian *Saturne* though his buildings speede was bad,
Yet found the meanes that vnder him hée manie nations had.
Hée was the first that rul'd as king, or forraine landes subdude,
Or went about into the right of others to intrude:
Ere this aspiring mindes did sléepe, and wealth was not pursude.
His sonne Ioue Belus after him succéeded: hée purvaide
For dreadfull warres, but sawlesse death his dreadfull purpose staide.
Then Ninus prosecutes the warres preuented Belus sought,
And filde the wronged world with armes, and to subiection brought
Much people, yet not capable of such his noule fight,
From Caldia to Assyrea he translates the Empier quite:
And caused fire on horses backs before him euer borne
To be adorned for a God. Thus out of vse was worne
In Caldia and Assyria to the honour rightly due
To high Iehoua, God indéed. Idolatrie thus grewe
From Ninus first: he first of al a Monarchie did frame,
And built in famous Niniuie, that bore the builders name.
His warlike wife Simeramis, her husband being dead,
And sonne in nonage, fayning him she ruled in his stéede:
Delating in a males attire the Empire newe begonne:
The which, his yeares admitting it, she yealded to her sonne.
Thus Cham his brode did borgon first and held the world in awe:
But Iapheths Line to Iabans land from Assur doth me drawe.

MUch praise is spoke of Thessalie and Pegasus his springs,
And how the nimphes of Mœna in Tempe did great things,
And how that Cecrops and his seede did honour Athens so,
As that from thence are said the Springs of Sciences to flowe.
Not onlie artes but Chevalrie from Greece deriue we may:
Whereof (omitting manie things) my muse, alonlie say
How Saturne, Ioue, and Hercules did fill the world with fame
Of iustice, prowesse, and how they both men and Monsters tame:
And so from these deriue the meane how Brute to Albion came.
In Create did florish in those daies (the first that florisht so)
Vranos: he in wealth and wit all others did out-goe.
This took to Wife (not then forbode) his Sister Vesta faire,

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The croked Titan did to him ancomelie Saturne baer.
The elder of deformities in making and for minde,
with Parents and the people too, did lesser liking finde:
The younger by the contraries gaue hansel in his prime
Of manie vertues, honouring their Owners elder time.
Away slips age: death spareth none: Vranos leaues the stage:
His bodie (now depriu'd of pomp) interrd the wormes doe gage.
Well may a rich mans Hearse want teares, but heires he shal not misse,
To whom that he is dead at length no little toy it is.
This errour notwithstanding did Vranos Sonnes lament:
Yet scarce the Fathers Ghost from graue to heauen or hell was sent,
But that his heires did fall at ods about the vacant Raine:
and Titan chafes disabled then the Scepter to sustaine.
Ech eye did follow Saturns forme, ech heart applaudes his fame,
and to conclude, with whole consent he winnes away the game.
Yet for because the Birth-right should inure to Titan stil,
In Mars his Church did Saturne vow his Issues Males to kill.
Not meanely glad was Saturne then his head possest of Crowne,
When, of his building, hee was Lord of manie a peopled Towne,
He giueth lawes, his lawes are kept, he bids, and all obey,
and equallie beloud and feard he wealds a kinglie sway:
He teacheth men (vntaught before) to eare the lustie land:
and how to pearse the pathlesse aire with shaft from Bow-mans hand:
God Dis did quaile to see his gold so fast conuaid from hell
& fishes quakt when men in ships amidst their floods did dwel
Who loues not him? Wherin did not the king of Great excel?
But what auaile or Townes, or Lawes, or what doe Subiects moue?
Sheaues, Shafts, or Ships, or Gold, or all? king Saturne is in loue.
He loues, and is beloud againe: yet so might not suffice,
In former vow to Titan made his paine of pleasure lies:
But no man from the Monarke Loue by wealth or weapon flies.
Cybella, faire Cybella is espoused to her brother:
and as doe Venus billing Birds so loue they one another.
In Coiture she doth conceaue: one sonne is borne, and slaine:
And Saturne of the hansell hard doth malcontent remaine.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. II.

THE Son had compaſt all the Signes, & Cybell brought to light
Her ſecond Breed, a ſmiling boy, & Iupiter he hight:
Together with the Queene of Gods (ſo Iunos ſtile wee wright.)
The infant ſmiled at his birth: but Cybell (ioy bereft)
And Veſta, whom Vranos had an heauie widdo wleft,
Did both lament: for Saturne wild the new-borne Babe ſhould die,
Both to acquit him of his vow, and fruſtrate Deſtinie.
For at the Oracle he had, his wife a ſonne ſhould beare,
That ſhould expell him from his Realme: his vow therefore and feare
Did haſten on (vnwillinglie) the daughter of his ſonne:
For which (his ſorrowes graunting ſpeech) his mone he thus begunne.
And want not ſtately crownes their cares? With pomp haue Princes (paine:
Ah, die he muſt, & die he ſhal, els may not Saturne raine.
Yet, might a Septers want ſuffice, I gladlie would reſigne:
But ſworne by Stix and wreakfull Mars at periuries repine.
Then far be it that they repine, leaſt I too late repent:
It doubles ſinne, if ſinne by ſinne we practiſe to preuent.
From this time forth, Melancholy, for Sirname, Saturne had:
No mirth could wreſt from him a ſmile, ech ſmile would make him ſad.
His ſeruants feare his ſolome fits, when if they ought recite,
Hee either anſwereth not at all, or from the matter quite,
Vnpeopled roomes and pathleſſe waves did fit his humour beſt:
And then he ſighes, and ſheadeth teares when all things els did reſt.
Who ſo could cite a Tragedie was formoſt in his creede:
For, balking pleaſant companie, on ſorowes did hee feede.
Death likes him, that miſlikes himſelfe, in geſture robes and all
Hee ſhewes himſelfe like to himſelfe: and hence it doth befall
That men to Melancholie giuen we Saturniſts doe call.
His wife and Siſter killing oft her Nephewe and her ſonne,
(For ſhee his Aunt and Mother was) with Veſta ſeeke to ſhunne

The

The voted fathers deadlie doome: to kill so sweet a childe
Their eies and verie soules abhorre: who (nothing so unmilde)
doe weeping kisse his laughing mouth, in minde the Babe to saue:
Howbeit feare of Saturns wroth contrarie councell gaue.
But when in hast the Babe his heart was sent for by and by,
So Saturne wild, so Cybell must, and Vesta not denie.
It was a woe to heare their woe, and death to see them die.
Unhollowed wretch, then Cybell said, in wombe why did I beare
This double Burthen? happie Twins, saue that my Twins they are.
So that my teeming with these throwes had ending well were I:
Or woulde I might not giue them life, that liuing forthwith dye.
Thy Scepter (Saturne) is not worth perfourmance of thy vowe:
Thy conscience doth a scruple holde that Goddes nor men alowe.
From Gods, from men, from brutish beastes, from nature nought doth
But fosters what it bringeth foorth: thou onlie doest not so. (grow
Thy sonnes alone for slaughters serue, and I meane while their mother
Am Saturnes wife, lesse proude of it then that he is my brother.
Unhappie Cybell borne to beare, and therefore borne to woe,
And fruitlesse fertill to a man that loweth not to moe.

Nowe teares had drowned further speech, till shee as one bestrought
Did crie that with a knife the Babe should to her bed be brought:
My selfe (quoth shee) will bee his death, with whom my selfe will die:
For so may Saturne saue and shunne his vow and dessenie.
But it did Vesta contermaund: yet Saturns will must stande,
For Ioue must die, or they not liue. A Damsell there at hand
Was then enforst to that charge. Thrice toucht her knife his Skinne,
But thrice his smiles did cause her teares: shee fourthlie did beginne:
And fourthlie ended as before. Betide me death or life,
Liue still (at least for mee) shee saide: and casting downe the knife,
Shee kist that sweete and prettie mouth that laughed on her lippes:
And brings him backe to Cybels bed. Her heart, reuiued, skips,
Reuiuing life where reckned death had wrought repentant teares.

The father fronted with a guile, at length the damsell beares
The infant vnto Oson towne: and in her Ladies name,
Intreats Melissus daughters twaine to nourish vp the same.
Vp to mountaine beare they him, and in a secret Caue

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

A mountaine Goat did giue him milke, and so his life they saue.
His Nourses, sounding Cimbals once to drowne the Infants crie.
A manie Bees (the Muses birdes) into the Caue did flie,
Where making Honnie, Saturnes sonne did long time liue thereby.

CHAP. III.

IT doth remain of Iupiter, as how (but then a lad)
From Epire to Pelasgis him the Lordes Epyrotes had,
To fetch their pledge Lycaon hild, when time of truse had end:
Lycaon fayning to consent, that did not so intend,
Next day as though hee woulde dismisse the Legates with estate,
Did make to them a solemne feast: when hauing slaine of late
His noble pledge, he brings his limmes and setteth them before
His Countrimen to feed vpon in sauced dishes store.
The Strangers and his Subiects too abhorring such a sight,
Sit gazing ech in others face, bereft of speech and spryte:
Vntill that lustie Iupiter, a Stripling to behold,
Did take the limbes dismembred so, and with a courage bold
Did shew them through Pelasgis streetes, declaring by the way
The murder of their blooddie king: which did so much dismay
The Citizens, that euen they detesting such vnright,
Did rise in armes against their king: where youthfull Ioue did fight
So valiantlie, that by his force Lycaon tooke his flight.
And after did by Roberies, by blood, and Rapines liue:
For which to him a Wolfish shape the Poets aptlie giue.

IN Epyre and Pelasgis thus Ioue first his honour wonne:
But greater things vntouched are by this same Worthie donne.
And partlie, in the monstrous warre that Titan and his Crue
Did hold with Saturne, when by search of Ilues males he knewe
The which his brother had aliue, against their Couenant made:
When, Titan Victor, fast in hold was vanquisht Saturne laid,
Together with his wife and friends: where sorrow much they past,

Till Iupiter did vnderstand his parentage at last.
Ye therefore landing toke in Create, with well prouided men:
And slewe his vncle Titan, and the Giant Tiphan then,
With most part of the Titanoies, and sets his father free:
By meanes whereof they reconcile, and wel a while agree.

NOt brooking then Apollos fault, in that he entertaind
The Remnant of the Titanoies, that after warres remainde,
Apollo was by Iupiter inforced for to flie
His kingdome Paphos, and to liue exilde in Thessalie:
Where loue, but chiefly penurie, constrained him to kæpe
(Vntill he was restored home) the king Admetus shæpe.
And for his Sonne disdainfullie enuied Ioue his praise
Ioue was the same Phisitions death, that dead to life could raise:
Whose fame grewe thus. As Asculap an heardsman did espie,
That did with easie sight inforce a Basalique to flie.
(Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eie.)
Apollos sonne perceauing him with Garland on his head,
Imagins (as it was in dæd) some hearbe such vertue bred:
And for a proofe he caused him to cast the wreath away,
When strait the beast her onelie eies the sillie man did slay.
Then Asculap him selfe did take the wreath, and puts it on,
And by that meanes he ouercame the Basaliqus anon.
In hearbs that dæper force is hid then Science may containe
I finde, said he, an hearb by hearb into his mouth did straine
That lay for dead, an hearb at last reuiuing him again.
Hencefoorth, mẽ thought him more thẽ man, when by his wondrous skil
He rendred life to many like, so winning great good will.
But as he wared famous thus, he famous wared proud,
Disdaining all, yea Ioue him selfe for Peere he disaloud.
Vntill that Saturns angrie sonne reuenged it by death:
Correcting iustly each abuse, as Rector on the Earth.
THe Sonnes renound thus added grace vnto the Fathers name,
But shadowes wait on substances, and enuie followes fame.
Euen Saturne, pompous Saturne, ridde by Iupiter of Foes
And feare of Titan, did renewe his superstitious woes

As

As touching former Oracle: and hastie commons sent
Throughout his Realme to muster men, in purpose to preuent
By death of Ioue his deitenie. The men of Create repinde
To put on armour to his ill whom they had fonud so kind:
But will they nill they so they must, for so their king assignd.
And Saturne with his armed troupes into Arcadia went,
Where Iupiter, forewarned of his fathers ill intent,
Intreated peace, to him denide: so that perforce he must
Defend him from his froward Sier, or rather foe vniust.
There might yee see king Saturne fight like to a Lion wood,
Whilst Iupiter did beare his blowes, and spares his fathers blood:
and him that foo-like would him slay, he friendlie did defend,
Desiring Saturne to retire, till woordes were to no end.
The wilfull man pursuing blood, Ioue ceaseth to persuade,
And rushing in amongst his foes so hot a skirmish made,
That euerie blow sets blood on broch, and so in little space,
Euen he who late he did intreate, is followed now in chace
By Arcas and his companie: for Ioue refraind the fight,
Because against his countrimen hee had no will to fight.

Whilst luckelesse Saturn did escape by flight and fortune then,
And wandred long in vnquoth Seas, depriude of wealth and men,
Victorious Iupiter was crowned with glorie king of Create:
And Saturne now arriude at Troy, for succour did intreate.
Ganymædes, king Trois sonne was sent in Saturns aid:
A worthie knight, and valiant warre to Iupiter he made.
But hee and his were chased back euen to their Citie walles,
For who so stood with Iupiter, by Iupiter he falles.
And there the Troyan Paragon Ganymides was taine,
Twixt whom and Iupiter thencefwrth sound friendship did remaine.
Then Saturne did the second time to Seas with shame retire,
And neuer after durst by warre against his sonne conspire:
But saying into lower Realmes, in Italie did dwell:
And hereof it is said his sonne did chase him into hell.

MEane while, lesse ioyous of his fame then ielous of his freakes,
Yer-wrong Queene Iuno on the Truls of Iupiter she wreakes.

Which

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Which was the cause that all too late, he purposing returne
To rescue Danae (in whose loue he amorously did burne)
Was cast by stormes into the Seas, that foorthwith tooke the name
of him whom for his Piracies Ioue banquisht in the same.
Yee might haue seene Aegæon there with wreakfull wroth inflame
At sight of Ioue, at whose decay he long in vaine had aimd.
And how that Ioue had now the worst, and in a trise againe
The Gyant with his twise three Barkes in hassard to be taine.
The Centaures shewn them valerous, so did Ixeon stout,
and braue Ganymædes did deale his balefull dole about:
But when couragious Iupiter had beaten to the ground
Aegæon and in selfesame Chaines wherein he often bound
The harmelesse soules that crost those Seas himselfe in fetters lay,
Yée might haue said, and truly said, that then did end the fraie.
So manie were his high exploits, whereof such wonder bread,
That for the same the Heathen folke doe deifie him dead.
Which since they are so manifold, I many ouerpasse:
And though Amphitruo blush to heare how he deceiued was,
And that Alcmena pinch my tongue, possest with bashfull shame,
Yea though that Iupiter himself my lauish tongue shall blame,
Yet since that iealous Iuno knowes alreadie of the same,
I dare not tell how Iupiter so cunninglie beguild
his loue Alcmena, that by him she traueld great with child
Of Hercules: whose famous acts I orderlie shall tell,
Whereof the first, but not the least, in Cradle-time befell.

CHAP. IIII.

QVéne Iuno, not a little wroth against her husbands crime
By whom shee was a Cockqueane made, did therefore at the time
In which Alcmena cride for helpe to bring her fruite to light,
Three nights and dayes inchaunt her throwes: and (of a Diuelish spight)

Intended both the Ladies death, and that wherewith shé went:
Till Galinthis vnwitching her did Iunos spells preuent.
Howbeit cankered Iuno still pursuing her intent,
Two poisned Serpents got by charmes into the chamber brought
Where Hercules in cradle laie, and thinking to haue wrought
A Tragedie, did let them lose: who smelling out their praie,
skaerd Hercules his brother that in selfe same cradle lay.
But Hercules, as Children vse with little whelpes to play,
Did dallie childishlie with them, and no whit did disnay:
Untill at last his tender flesh did fœle their smarting stings,
And then displeasd betwirt his handes the Snakes to death hé wrings.
Amphrituo an the Thebans all of this same wonder tell:
And yeeres permitting Hercules did with Euristeus dwell.
This King by spightfull Iunos meanes, did set him taske on task,
But Hercules performed more then both of them could aske,
Yea, yet a good Lad, for Actiuenes the world did lack his like,
To Wrestle, Ride, Run, Caste, or Shoote, to Swim, Shift, or Strike,
As witnes (his inuention first) those solemne actiue Plaies.
That were on Mount Olimpus tride, where he had pricke and praise.
For which his Nouell, and himselfe in those not hauing Pœres,
The Græcians by th'Olimpides kept reckoning of their yéres.

KIng Atlas daughters in the Iles of Hesperæ did holde
A manie Sheepe: and Poets faine their fléeces were of Golde:
(For rarenes then of Sheepe and Woll in figures so they faid)
Euristeus pricks his Pople on this noble Prize to gaine.
The Greekes applie their sweating Dares, and sailing doe persist
Until they reach the wished shoare: where ready to resist
their entrance to the closed Iles an armed Giant stayd,
Whose grim aspectes at first approch made Hercules afraide.
Now buckle they, and boysterous blowes they giue and take among.
A cruell fight, But Hercules had victorie ere long.
The Giant slaine, Philoctes tooke the vanquisher in hand:
An harder taske had Hercules then pausing now to stand.
Most dreadfull was their doubtfull fight, both lay about them round,
Philoctes held the harder fight by keeping higher ground.

The

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

The Sonne of Ioue perceauing well that prowesse not auail'd,
Did faine to faint: the other thought that he in dæd had quaild,
And left th'aduantage of his ground, and fearcely smites his Foe:
But Hercules, whose pollecie was to contriue it so,
Renuing fight most eagerlye, so strikes, and strikes againe,
That to endure the doubled force his valiant Foe had paine.
Who, yealding to his Victors will, did finde in him such grace,
As Hercules did thencefoorth vse his friendship in each place.
Hesperides, the goodly Nimphes, their Kæpers chaunce lament:
But Hercules did comfort them, and cure their discontent:
And shipping thē of Kammes & Ewes a parcel, thence he went.

IN coasting back by new-built Troy, he sawe a moneful sort
of people, clustering round about their yet vnconquered Port.
He musing much, and striking Saile, did boldlie aske wherefore
They made such dole: Laomidon then standing on the Shoare
Did tell the cause: the cause was thus. Laomedon ere than
To reare the statelie walles of Troy (a costly worke) beganne,
And wanting pay to finish vp the worke he had begonne,
Of Neptunes and of Phœbus Priests (the Goddes of Sea and Sonne)
He borowed money, promising repaiment of the same
by certaine time which therevnto he did expresly name.
The walles are built, the time is come, the Priests their money craue,
Laomedon forswares the debt, and naughtie language gaue.
Forthwith the Sea (the Deuill then did many wonders showe)
Began to swell, and much of Troy with violence ouerfloe:
And thereupon the swealtie Sun (the wastfull Sea retierd)
So vehementlie did shine vpon the Desie plashes myerd,
That thereof noisome vapours rose, and of those vapours spread
Such plagues, as scarce the liuing might giue burial to the dad.
Repentant then, their wrethed king to holy Delphos goes,
Where at the Oracle he knew his wrongs to cause sut wees:
And how the Godds of Sun and Seas, offended doe require
Each month a Virgin, to appeale a sealish Monsters ire:
Wherefore to saue their common weale, the Troyans did agrée
One Virgin, as her Lot did light, should pay that monthlie fée.

Now after manie murdred Maids (for monthlie at one day,
The fearefull Monster at the Port expects his wonted pray)
The lot fell to Hesione the daughter of the king,
whom to the Port to be deuourd with teares the Troyans bring.
When Hercules thus vnderstood the hard occasion why
The guiltles Ladie should haue died, he purposing to trie
his valiantnes, (for what was it that Hercules would flie)
Did aske the king what gift should gro to him that should both free
His daughter, and his kingdome of that monthly bloddie fee.
The king, whom now at doubted hope of profered helpe made glad,
made promise of two milk-white Steedes as chiefest gemmes he had.
Brane Hercules, whose ventrous heart did only hunt for fame,
Accepts th'assumpsit, and prepares the fiend like fish to tame.
Anone the dreadfull Diuell driues the Sea before his breast,
and spitting mightie waues abrode, disgorgde from monstrous chest,
Liftst vp his vglie head aboue the troubled waues to catch
The trembling Ladie, for which pray his yaning iawes did watch.
But he, whose strength exceeded sense, with yron Club in fist,
Did bootelesse long with brusing wait the boistrous Whale resist:
The greater strokes, the fiercer was the Monsters awlesse fight:
So that the Greekes and Troyans all misdoubt their dreadlesse knight.
Still Hercules did lay on load, and hild the fight so long,
That in the end the Sea retired, and left the fish among
The bared sandes: and so for want of water, not of strength,
Good fortune honours Hercules with victorie at length.
Now when the king, his Troyans, and the Grecians had behild
The substance of the vglie Shape, euen dreadfull being kild,
they bring the Champion to the towne with triumphes, giftes, & praise:
And who but hee belou'd in Troy, whiles that in Troy he staies?
Alone the king (a man no doubt predestinate to ill)
Obseruing how his Subiects bore to Hercules good will,
and fearing least their loue to him might turne himselfe to hate,
And seeing now himselfe and land in prosperous estate,
vnfriendlie did exclude his friend from out his cittie strong,
Whilst with his Greekes he hunts abrode, mistrustlesse of such wrong:
and when the Champion and his men did from their sport returne,

Not onelie did gain-say in Troy that longer they soiourne,
But also (impudent in guiles) withhild the Cozsers twaine,
Which Hercules so dearely wonne, in hassard to be slaine.
Alcmenas sonne abashed then to finde so lewd a meede,
In lewe of well deserued loue, was chollericke in deed:
and made a vow (if life gaue leaue) he would such vengeance take
on Troy, that euen the stones thereof for dread of him should quake,
and that the liuing Troyans then should say, and iustly say,
That they were happie whom the plague and Monster made away:
and threatning so the trothlesse king did leaue the hated Port,
And shortly did ariue at Thæbes, and feasts in Creons Court.

THence brought he war, and wrack to Troy, & in his armie kinges:
And by the way Lamessas walles vnto the ground he flings,
And setteth Tenedos on fire, whose fearefull flames espide,
gaue Sommance vnto careless Troy for worser to prouide.
Before the Greekes had reached Troy the Troyans by the way
did bid them battaile: manie men on either part decay:
The sounding armours cracke with blowes, whilst pearcing arrowes flie,
This lieth dead, that same is maimd, and more at point to die.
Heads, armes, and armour flie about, and bodies swimme in blood,
and fresh supplies did fall with them on whom they fighting stood.
But Hercules, aboue the rest, bestird himselfe so well,
That still before his balefull Club by Shoks the Troyans fell.
Who, fainting now, seeke to retyre into their fensiue Towne:
where Hercules their Porter was, and rudely knocks them downe.
Thus wonne he Troy, and sacked Troy, and Chanels flowed blood,
Nor did hee breath whilst anie part of all the Citie stood,
Saue statelie Ilion: in the same a manie Ladies were,
Whose pitegus teares wrought Hercules that onlie place to spare.
As for the false Laomedon he secretlie was fled,
And valiant Priamus his sonne to Greece was captiue led.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. V.

T home returnd, Queene Iuno craues his companie at Creat,
Whom, there arriud, with hartlesse ioy his Stepdame did intreat.
What? heaest thou not my sonne (quoth she) how Argiue folke complaine
Of Lions three, that in their fieldes both men and beards haue slaine?
And this she said, as knowing him to seeke such hard affaires:
To win him to which desperate fight no Coyse nor cost he spares.
When this was said, enough was said, and halfe was yet behind
When Hercules did bow redyesse, and Iuno had her minde.
He ioyes to heare of that exploit, such was his ventrous heart,
And thanking Iuno for her newes did so from thence depart.
Philoctes now and Hercules in Nemea Forest be,
Long seeking what they could not finde, till crying from a tree
an Beardsman said, friends shift away, or els come vp to me:
Least that those cruel Lions three now ranging in this wood,
Which haue denourd those Beards I had, and with my Manies blood
Imbrud their fierce denouring chappes, and forced me to clime
This Tree, where I (vnhappie man) on leaues haue fed long time,
may, all to soone, with tearing teeth destroy you in like case,
The quaking Beardsman scarce had said thus much, when as a pace
from out a Thick the Lions three on Hercules did runne,
Philoctes, trustlesse of his Prowse, by climing did then shunne.
And now the Rampant Lions great, whose onelie view would quaile
An hundred knights, though armed well, did Hercules assaile,
And sometimes with their churlish teeth and pinching pawes againe
So greeuously indanger him, that neere he faints with paine.
Howbeit (glorie checking griefe) he twaine had now dispatcht:
The third, and dreadfull of the three, though many a blow he catcht,
yet neither Club nor Sword had force to harme his hardned Hyed
Vntill that (weapons laid apart) by strangling handes he died.
Not Hercules himselfe conceaude more ioy of this successe
Then did Philoctes, who erewhile did hope of nothing lesse.

The

The Pastor, poore Meloreus, like as Hercules he him wild
Vncaest the Lions, fearing long to touch them being kild:
And in his Cottage to the knights a Countrie feast he hild.
The Argiues, hearing of this dæd, with Triumphes him intreat,
And offer all: but leauing all he doth returne to Create.
Whom golzing Iuno, gainst her mind, with cost did intertaine,
and with a tonge repugnant quite to her malicious vaine
Commends his dæds, whē rather she did wish he had bēn slain.
and therefore with an harder taske his labour did renew:
But what was it that manhood might, and he would not pursue?

IN Egypt was a greeuous drought: the cause therof vnknowen:
which to redres, their Diuelish Gods an Oracle had showen.
Dae offer vp strange blood, they bid, and so auart our ire,
Busiris prone before to blood, had now his hearts desire:
No sooner Stranger toucht the shoare, but them the barbarous king
To frie in flames before his Gods for Sacrifice doth bring.
Yea custome added worse to yll, his Subiect and his friend
(when Strangers misse) supplie the flames: his murthers had no end.
Howbeit, with these Butcheries the drought did still remaine:
For in Busiris was the blood that should redēme the raine.
The Gods did meane (which they not minde) that lewd Busiris he
an Alien borne, that Stranger was, who dead, no drought should be.
A Noble man of Iunos kin Busiris late had slaine,
For losse of whom the craftie Quēne did often sorrowes faine.
Cease (Madame) saith Hercules, not long the time shalbe,
But I his tyrannie shall end, els they giue end to me.
Her sorrowes did not tith her ioy, when he had giuen consent
To vndertake that deathfull taske: for death was it she meant.
Now Hercules in Egypt mētes Busiris and his Crew,
When sodainlie with maine assault on him the Giant flew:
Supposing to haue dealt with him, as he had done before
with other Strangers: Hercules alonelie, and no more
to take his part, with skathfull strokes bestird his Club so well,
In battering of the Tyrants bones, that strengthlesse downe he fell.
Then did he kill and chase away his lewd and cruel traine,

Till

Till hearing of no further foe, hée commeth backe againe:
and taketh vp the wretched king, that cryeth out for aide:
And on the Altar, where himselfe had Strangers often laid,
Himself was made a Sacrifice: and as his blood did staine
the Altar, euen at the same time there fell a ioyfull raine.
With ended drought, and Tyrants death, a common ioy befell:
And all in Mimphis intertaine the vnknowne Champion well:
From thence returning backe to Thæbes hee there awhile did dwell.

King Creons daughter Megara, at Thæbes he did espouse:
To coũtinãce their wedding feast did wãt nor knights, nor prowse.
Which triumphes ended, when the knights should thence depart away,
Pirithous to his wedding bids them all: and names the day
Wherein to meete at Thessalie: to which did all consent,
and at the time concluded of at Thessalie conuent.
Amidst their chære, the solemne feast the Centaures did disquyet:
Whom by no meanes, the nobles there the patience might intreate:
For they an hundred Giants strong, with drinking whitteled well,
amongst their cups, from wordes to blowes, and worser dealings fell:
And (too outragious at the last, fierce Eurytis their Guide),
Unreuerentlie they rauish thence Hippodame the Bride.
But Hercules not brooking it, to arme himselfe begonne,
and all alone in rescue of the rapted Bride did rome.
By this time did Ixeons Sced stand still in battaile raie,
When he, but one against them all, began a blooddie fraie.
Ech arrow that with aiming hand from sturdie bow he sent,
Did answere by the death of one, the Sender his intent.
Whilst Hercules with deadlie bow had store of Centaures slaine,
and, wanting arrowes, with their blood his valiant Club did staine,
The Bridegrome and the other knights came to the ceasing fight,
When all were foyld, excepting twelue that saue their liues by flight.
Alonely Lycus yeelded him a prisoner, and liues:
And liuing vnto Hercules much after sorowe giues:
But Nessus, that escaped then, in time him worser greeues.

Chap

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VI.

THE glory of this high attempt, and sauing of the Bride,
They all ascribe to Hercules: and whilst they here abide,
To exercise his Piracies as Pluto king of Hell,
(Such was the lewdnes of his life, and place where he did dwell
That hee and it were titeled so) lay houering neere the shore,
And saw the folke of Cicilie their Gods with rights adore:
This rouing king, with armed Guardes of his disordered Crew
did come a lande, to make their Pray: but (for to outward view)
They faine deuotion, none suspect the ill that did ensue.
Anon a wreathing Garlands sweet hard at her mothers side
King Pluto saw Proserpine: and liking whom he spide:
Concluding with his companie how to conuay her thence,
Betwixt his boistrous armes he tooke the faire and fearefull wench:
and doe what the Cicilians might he setteth her a boord:
and to his gilte Sailes the Aire did gentle Gaeles afoord.
A number eyes in Cicelie for her did weep, in vaine:
For her, her mother Ceres and her Louel-mate did complaine,
Her selfe (sweet Ladie) of her moane did finde no meane God wot
Though Dis to please did say and giue what might be said or got.
Imbarked then, with him his Harpe did woful Orpheus take,
and to Molossa Plutos Realme with speedie Sailes did make.
Where he, vnknowne, at gate of Hell did harp such Musicke sweete,
as lumpish Cerberus could not but shake his monstrous feete:
His foule and warpt ill fauoured face, or huge with cole-black haires,
his Horselike teeth, his lolling lips, his Doglike hanging eares,
His hooked nose, his scowling eyes, his filthie knotted Beard,
and what not in his vglie shape? But presentlie appeard
More milder than his common moode, and lesser to be feard.
This hellish Porter deeming that such musicke would delight
his weeping Mistris did conuay the harper to her sight.
Where Pluto swore by dreadfull Stix if Orpheus did by play

But make her laugh, what so he aſkt he ſhould receiue for pay.
Anon ſuch heauenly Harmony on ſkilful Harpe he plaid,
That ſhée her husbands muſicke knewe, and ioyfull was ſhée made,
And Orpheus did a watch-word giue, and she to laugh began:
And for reward to haue from thence his wife he aſked than.
Although it galled Plutoes ſoule his ſweét hart to forgoe,
Yet for to quit him of his oath he yeelds it ſhall be ſo:
With this condition, that before they fully paſſed Hell,
He ſhould not backwards looke on her, what chaunce so'ere befell.
Now as they paſſe through blinde biwaies, he fearing leaſt perchaunce
she err or lag returnes a looke: and who ſhould marke that glance
but Cerberus, that purpoſelie for ſuch aduantage waites:
Who ſtil detaining her, did ſhut her Huſband out the gates.
When Ceres heard of this miſchaunce, she Cicil leaues anon,
And knowing all the Knightes of Greece to Theſſalie were gone,
Shé thether goes in hope of helpe: where preſently she meetes
with Thæſeus and Pirithous, whoſe ſalutings shæ regreetes
they wondring what the noble Quéene of Cicill there ſhould make:
Become inquiſitiue thereof: to whome ſad Ceres ſpake
firſt of Proſerpine her greef, and then of Plutoes guile:
For her shæ wapes, of him shé railes, and moueth them meane while,
The mother of falſe Dis his rape had more behinde vnſaid,
When Aegeus and Ixions Sonnes did iointly offer aide.
About the deſart partes of Greece there is a valley lowe,
To which the roaring waters fall that from the Mountaines floe:
So Rockes ouerſhadowe it that ſcarce a man may viewe
the open ayre: no Sun ſhines there. Amidſt this darkſome Mewe
doth ſtand a Cittie, to the ſame belongs one onely Gate,
But one at once may come thereto the entrance is ſo ſtraite,
Cut out the rough maine ſtonie Rocke: this Citie did belong
to Pluto, and becauſe that he was euer doeing wrong,
And kept a Thæuiſh Rabell that in miſchiefes did excell,
His Citizens were Diuels ſaid, and Cittie named Hell.
When to this Citties ruthleſſe gate were come the friendly Knights,
Fierce Cerberus did rouſe him ſelfe, and ſcarcely barking bites:
Yet thought the worlde had lackt the man that thether durſt repaire:

And

And troth to say, not one till then to do the like did dare.
Now fiery sparkes from thundring strokes in darke did giue them light,
And Ceres Champions valiantlie maintaine their ventrous fight.
But stout Pirithous, too too bold, a deadlie wound he catcht:
And Theseus, though Combattan-like he long the Helhound matcht,
Yet with his fellowe had he faine, who flying feares to cope,
Erpecting nothing lesse then life, but hap exceeded hope.
For Hercules at Thessalie did feare so hard euent:
Whence lanching out, he made in showe as if to Thæbes he went
But with Philoctes all his traine and Licus home he sent.
And he himselfe to aide his friends did to Molossa goe,
Where like as did his minde presage, he found it very so.
For euen as currish Cerberus with gorie bloes did chace
the wounded and the wearie Knight, came Hercules in place.
An vnerpected happie sight to Theseus at that tide:
Whome Cerberus forsaking then at Hercules he slide:
Vpbraiding him with threatning words, and like him selfe did raue,
And reacht him many a crabbed rap with his presumtious Glaue.
The Danter then of Trespalles perceauing Theseus drie
his græuous wounds, and at his fæt Pirithous dead to lie,
Desirous to reuenge them both laies lustie lode about,
And with his still victorious Club did Cerberus so cloute,
That, quite dismaid at such a match, he ræling to the ground,
Did send from out his Doggish throat a loud and diuelish sound:
But when the victor suer enough the vanquished had bound,
He leauing Theseus weake without into the Cittie went:
Whereas he found the wicked King, and Citizens that spent
their fruteleste time in vices foule, and dealings most vniust,
As those that in their Porters strength reposed all their trust.
With these did Hercules play Fer, and leauing Dis for dead,
Not one escapes his deadly hand that dares to shewe his head.
Whole thousandes then did breath their last, and who had sæne ỹ sight,
Might wel haue said it Hel indæd: for euery thing out-right,
Besides that sullen Mewe it selfe, did giue a figure plaine
of selfe same Hell, where damned Soules abide in endleste paine.
Saue howlings out and shuddering feare can nought to eare or sight,

With grieuous grones of dying Ghosts: & so much more their spight,
By how much more he found them then in pleasures and delight.
This horror hanging. Hercules in buskling vp and downe
In Plutoes Pallace, to her ioy Proserpine he found:
And tolde her of enlargement thence. And then in harrowed Hell
(Pyrithous buried) he, nor she, nor Theseus longer dwell.
But waying Anker with the Queene of Cicels Daughter went
To Thessalie: where present greefes pretended ioyes prevent,
For, hearing of Pyrithous death, not one but did lament.
Hippodame (a widowe nowe) especially bewailes
Her ouer-hardie Husbands death. But weeping lesse prevailes
Then doth Reuenge: for Hercules vnto her dome commits
Her greefes Contriuer, Cerberus, almost besides his witts
For feare of death his one desert: whome causing to be bound
both hands and feet, and to be drag'd along the ragged ground,
A knawish Skull of Boyes and Girls did pelt at him with stones,
And laying on with staues and whippes did breake both flesh & bones.

WHen Hercules should passe to Hell as hath before ben said,
And that Philoctes of his men he had Lieftenant made,
And as Philoctes with his charge on Seas to Thæbes did passe,
He met Androdamus: the King of Calcedon he was.
Androdamus, not knoweing yet his Cosen there inthralde,
(For Lycus was his Cosen) to the Thæbane Pilots calde
To ken of whence and where they would. But ere the Thæbans might
Giue answere, Lycus clog'd with chaines on hatches stode vpright
And cride, Androdamus beholde and succour me thy friend,
That shamefully, vnles thou helpe, am like my life to end.
I Captiue am to Hercules, and thus to Thæbes must goe:
Giue aide therefore. Androdamus deferres not doing so,
But setteth on Philoctes, that himselfe and shippe defendes
And part of Calcedons he slewe, and part to Sea he sendes:
But where the number tripled there for them the Battell ends
When Lycus was discharg'd of bands, and stout Philoctes bound,
He tolde what skath the Centaures late in Thessalie had found.
Amongst the same he named some allied to the King:

For

For which the sauage Tyrant swore reuenge on Thæbes to bring:
And sailing thence preuailed there by comming vnawares.
And putteth all to sacke and sword, nor olde nor yong he spares.
Ye slaieth Creon, and in holde fair Megara was cast:
And leauing Lycus king in Thæbes, from Thæbes the Tirant past.
Whilst Lycus thus did Lord it there, the error of his eie
Did bere his heart: but Megara his lust did chastly flie.
And Hercules by now had newes how things at Thæbes fell out,
And how that Lycus there was Lord, and none for him durst route.
Disguised then he thether comes and to the Pallace went:
Whome, when the Porters would haue staide, his raggs he of did rent,
And showes himselfe like to him selfe, no blee in vaine he spent
that sets not breath or blood abroch. This vprore Lycus heard,
And thinking that some priuate Fray had falne amongst his Garde,
Presuming that his presence would appease the growing heat,
Did cast his haughtie armes abroad, as who would say be quiet,
Or here am I that can aswel commaund it as intreat,
Which Hercules so sodenlie chopt off that (yet vnmist)
Ye thinking to haue vsed Armes, was armeles ere he wist.
Then *Hercules*, our *Hercules* is come all Thæbes it cride,
Now shake we of our seruile Yoke & followe him our Guide:
And so they did, till none were left to holde on Licus side.
The Medley ended, *Hercules* did bring the Centaure bound
To Prison: whereas Megara in miserie he found:
For Licus, spurdes in his lust, against her so had frownde.
Yea (more reuengefull) seeing her imbraced by his Foe,
And hoping nothing lesse then life to ber them ere he goe
Ye saide: thou dotest ouermuch to entertaine that Whore,
The falsest Ladie vnder heauen, for let me liue no more,
If Megera (I speake by prose) imbraced so of thee:
Hath not offended diuers waies, and common ben to me.
Then *Hercules* supposing that his speeches had ben true,
Sweapt of the lying Centaurs head, and that in choller flewe
(To credulent) his guiltlesse wife: but dead, her wrath did rue

ALBIONS ENGLAND

For losse of her, and slaughtered friends, he vexed at the heart
did then from Thæbes (an heaute man) to Forrain lands depart.
Distressed in the Troian Rhode he succour sought for pay:
To which (his peoples triple plague) Laomedon said nay:
And to provide their second scourge sauld Hercules away.
And comming backe with Iasons Prize from Calchos he complaines
of churlish king Laomedon, and so an Armie gaines.

At Troy the Greekish Peeres and he did land their armed men:
Whom to resist Laomedon did range his Battailes then.
The Troians they bestird them well, the Grecians stood not still,
Laomedon fights valiantlie, and manie a Greeke did kill.
Till Hercules (disgesting ill to see his Foe pursue
such good successe) encounters him, whom easilie he slue.
And having slaine the traiterous king he ceaseth not to die
his Thæbane Club in Phrigian blood, till all began to flie.
But with the Troians, Telamon, and Hercules both twaine,
And by their valour all the Greekes the gates and Citie gaine:
And kill who so of Troy they caught, and raced to the ground
the Citie, whilst that house by house, or stone on stone they found:
And ventrous Telamon, for that he entred first the gate,
For Prize had faire Hesione, of Troy the latest fate.
For Priamus to quit her Rape, long after sent his Sonne
To ravish Hellen from the Greekes. So thirdlie warre begonne:
Hesione the cause to Troy, and Hellen to the Greekes,
And all did worke that Troian Brute the Albions Climate seekes.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE
ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VII.

THe twise sackt Towne the Grecians then did meerilie
forsake,
And Hercules for new affaires, did lande in Egypt take.
There in a Porte hee did espie a Fleete of Shippes from
farre.
Well fraught with men, Munition, and what pertaines
to warre.
When Affer (the chiefe Captaine was of that same Fleete) did spie
the Enfignes of the famous Greeke, he knew them by and by:
And entertaining on his knees the Owner of the same,
Reioyced to behold the man so honoured by fame.
With Affer sailed Hercules to Libia, to put downe
the Gyant king Antæus, that had aided to the crowne
of Egypt gainst th'Egiptians willes Busiris latelie slaine
by Hercules, in whose conduct they doubt not to obtaine,
And taking land in Libia now, and having in their sight
the threatned Citie of the Foe, his Tents did Affer pight,
And girts it with a sodaine Siedge. The Giant then did shake
his hideous head, and vow'd reuenge, yea sharpe reuenge to take.
But issuing out his Citie gates hee found the Foe so hot,
That, notwithstanding such his bragges, the worst Antæus got:
For Hercules did ranuase so his carkas, that at length
hee did retire himselfe and men, as trustlesse of his strength.
His Libions slaine, and hee not sound, Antæus Truse did craue:
For graunt whereof vnto his Foes meane time he victuals gaue:
And whilst the Month of Truse did last the Giant, bruised sore,
Did heale his wounds, and to his part sollicites aiders more,

Meane

Meane while the Greeke to Mauritan did passe vnknowne of all,
and there in king Antæus aide he found supplies not small:
And for he looked souldier-like they brought him to the king,
who offered pay: not so (quoth he) I meane another thing.
Discharge these Bands, or els I will discharge thee of thy breath,
That all alone to thee and thine oppose me to the death.
When Atlas knew him *Hercules*, that conquered of late
The Iland which his daughters held, and brought to latest fate
His Giant that defended them, and captiuated then
His friend Philoctes, he twixt feare and fiercenesse wared wanne.
And looke how fast the rattling haile vpon an house doth fall,
So fast they lay on *Hercules*, that holdeth wag gainst all.
and as the Smith with Hammer beats his forged Pettall, so
he dubs his Club about their pates and fleas them on a roe.
And whilst (not daring to looke downe) by heaps on him they flie,
Some stumbling on the bodies dead are smoldred so and die:
Some sliding in the slipperie blood, wherewith the place did swimme,
were strangled so: some others whilst disordredly at him
They treat and foyne, are crowded on by those that hindmost be,
and with their weapons spoile themselues and fellowes two or three:
Some others with the wounding points of broken weapons die:
and others daring with their Foe their bootles force to trie,
were in a moment slaine by him: and thus in little space.
Without Resistants *Hercules* had Lordship of the place.
And maugre swords or studied Starres brought Atlas to the Seas,
whereas Philoctes did in time his penitences appease:
And to his friend commends the Foe for bountie, which at last
himselfe did finde: and when as time his griefe had ouerpast,
The same that for Astrologie the Skies Support was said,
In such his Science *Hercules* a perfect Artist made.

The Month of Truse by this had end, and Hercules returnes
To Asser, that incamped at the Lybian walles soiournes.
A second battell then begonne. Antæus like a Baer
Bestirs himselfe amongst his Foes: whilst *Hercules* did faer
as roughlie with contrarie blooes, till none to fight did daer,
But humblie all submitting them selues subdued by his might:

Yea

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He gaue them grace, and staied ther to doe them law and right.
Meane time Anteus, lately fled, returnes from Mauritain,
And with a mightie Troupe of Moores renewed fight againe.
And all the Fieldes with Carcases of mangled men were filde,
And nombers failed to the Moores that Hercules then kild.
But when Anteus saw his men to lessen more and more,
Resoluing or to win the Spurres or lose him selfe therefore,
He makes a blodie path vntill the Thæbane he espide,
And finding him, bestowe on me thy blowes the Giant cried,
That am both able to endure and to repay the same,
A Flie is not an Eagles praie, nor Mouse a Lions game.
My death might countenance thy deedes (if that it so would be)
But make account that Fanon will triumph ouer thee.
In saying which hee smites his Foe, performing wondrous might:
And bodie vnto bodie they with equal dammage fight.
But Hercules disdaining that so long Antæus standes
with him in combat, griping him betwixt his angrie handes,
Did crush his Carkasse in the aire that life did leaue him so:
And thus did reape a Monarchie, and rid a mightie Foe.
Then Hercules (Antæus dead) with ease he ouercame
all Libea, with the Prouinces & Kingdomes of the same:
And maketh Affer King of al that beares the doers name.

IN expedition of which warre when Hercules would dwell
no longer time, but purposed to bid his friends farewell,
A warlike Wench, an Amazon, salutes him by his name,
And said knowe Hercules (if it thou knowest not by fame)
how that the Scythian Ladies, late expeld their native Land
by King of Egipt, haue contriu'd amongst themselues a bande,
And with the same haue conquered all Asia, Egipt, and
all Capadocia. Now that for we Victors vnderstand
the Africanes are our Allies, and minding to proceed
In further conquests, tendring them, thus is therefore decreed:
That you two Champions shall elect, and they will also send
two Ladies, that for victorie shall with your Knights contend.
And if your Champions vanquish ours, then we wil tribute pay:

And if that ours doe vanquish yours, then you shall vs obay.
But hope not so, more profite giues our bountie then our blowes,
And vninforced tribute may procure you friendlie Foes:
Then Hercules, admiring much the Chalengers, did yeeld
two aduerse Knights the morrow next shoulde met them in the field.
And mounted well on Courſers twaine next light by dawne of day
Into the Lieſtes came Hercules and Theſeus. Mid the way
vpon a brace of milke white Steedes the two Viragoes méete
the Knights: and each the other did with ciuill Congies gréete.
Then either parte retiring backe began to make their race,
And couching well their valiant Speares did run a wondrous pace.
With Menalippe Hercules the fight did vndertake,
And Theſeus with Hippolite did his Encounter make.
They méeting, either part both horſe and load to ground were caſt,
Whereat the Africanes did muſe and Scythians weare agaſt.
Unhorſed thus, diſdainfully each Knight defendant toke it:
And either Ladie ſo diſgrac'd as ſcornefullie did brooke it.
Then fettle they to handy Armes, the which was long and fierce,
And with their cutting weapons did both Helms and Harnes pierce.
But Hercules, though neuer matcht ſo hardlie in his life,
Diſarmes at length his Scithian Taſk, and ended was their ſtrife.
But Theſeus with his Combatteſſe in doubtfull battell fights,
Till, bluſhing at the Maidens blowes, he checks his mending ſpirits.
And laid ſo hardlie to her charge, not able to ſuſtaine
his freſh-got force, that he alſo the ſecond Prize did gaine.
Antiope, a third vnto thoſe warlike Sisters twaine,
Beholding how ſiniſterly the double fight had paſt,
Makes ſorrow, whilſt the Africanes reioiſe for it as faſt,
The Scythians to the Africanes did Homage then, and pray
their Ladies might be raunſomed. Which ſute did Theſeus ſtay,
For he through Lance, his Foe through leue went Vanquiſher away.
And therefore when th'Athenian Knight and Amazon were matcht
in mariage, Menelippe then from Durance was diſpacht.
And Hercules: (then which to him no greater Prize could be)
had Monæne Antiope her Beaſt and Armour for his fée,
And ſets the Dames of Thermodon from other raunſome free.

And

And Theseus with Hippolite at Athens landing takes,
And Hercules to Calidon a Desmall viage makes.

THere did King Oeneus bountiously retaque so great a Guest:
Where scarcely had he any time from prssed toiles to rest,
But that proud Achelous sent Ambassidors to knowe
If that King Oeneus on him his daughter would bestowe,
If not to threaten wreakfull warres: which much abaisht the King,
Till Hercules, who then was come about the selfe same thing,
(For loue to Deianira both Competitors did bring)
Erpelled feare by offring aide to backe him from the Foe:
By meanes whereof unsatisfide away the Legats goe.
The Tyrant Achelous then, with all Epirus force
inuades the bounds of Calidon, and spoile without remorse.
But Hercules he leading forth his Armie got the day,
And well was he amongst his Foes that fastest ran away.
They & their King, with hard escape, inmure them selues at length
within a Castle nære the Sea, a Hold of wondrous strength.
The Thæbans then as resolute to spoile both Foe and Fort,
Did burne his Foes forsaken shippes left riding in the Porte:
And with a fewe beset the Holde. When Achelous he
so slender watch about the walles of Enemies did see,
He scorned that so weake a sledge should pen him vp so straight,
He hauing ten for one of them, did issue out the Gate
against the Greekes, that willinglie his comming did awaite.
Espying Hercules, he cride, lo yond same diuell is he
that droue vs out of Calidon: who so of mine he be
that slaieth him, shall be inricht with great rewards by me.
But he that made such offers large, did offer them in vaine:
For when his men sawe Hercules approching them amaine
With fierie eies, and angrie lookes, and dreadful Club in fist,
They thought it nædles to assaile, and bootles to resiste.
And euery man retired back into the holde againe,
Where many daies, attemting slight, they cowardly remaine.
From warre at length they fell to wiles. There lay vpon the shoare
a broken Hoy, that had not brookt the Seas of long before:

The Mast they boring full of holes, in euerie hole did sticke
a burning Torch, and lancht it out in night when cloudes were thick.
No sooner was the firie keele a floot vpon the waues,
And that the Greekes espied it, but ech man rashlie craues
the viewing of so strange a sight. Their Captaine that did smell
the presupposed Stratagem, did range his armie well,
And marching neere the guilefull light, did finde ambushments there,
That playing on aduantage thus (preuented though) appeare.
Occasion hapning, Hercules would not admit the same,
But tooke them as he found them now, and fights it out by aime.
When Achelous he behild his guild by guile to faile,
Well might he chafe, be harder chaunce his courage might not quaile.
For looke how fierce and boistrouslie a chafed Bull doth fight,
So Achelous lustilie on either side did smite:
And by his only prowse then a manie knights were slaine,
Whilst Hercules with like successe his Opposits did paine.
And now, by chance, amidst the brunt the valiant Woers twaine
doe single, and togethers tug, and as two Lions strong
ech one desiring others blood did hold a Combate long,
king Achelous minding her for whom began that broile,
To conquere where he did contend annexed hope to toyle.
Alcmenas Sonne remembring to whose cause he did defend,
Euen hers on whom his being and his verie soule depend,
So chargd his Contrarie with knocks, and vsed his Club so well,
That vanquished (though valerous) king Achelous fell.

Thepirotes when they saw their king a Captiue led away,
Their hearts were doone: and Hercules subdude them ere day.
And Achelous in exile did end his latter dayes:
And all Aetolia was fild with Hercules his praise,
To whom the king did giue to Wife faire Deianira, she
the pleasing prise of that his prowse, and dearelie earned fee,
Who after of her owne decay, and his, the meane should be:
The Centaure Nessus was the man that made her erre so much:
Of which her error, but his sinne, the circumstance is such,

Chap.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. VIII.

WHen ouer deepe Euenus Foord the passage did not fit,
This Giaunt, of a Stature tall, did offer helpe to it.
And Hercules forgetting him (for at the Centaures Fray
The same vnslaine, but not vnskard, escaped then away)
Did pray him to the farther shoare with Deianir to wade,
And so he did, whilst Hercules this side the Riuer staid.
Whom Iunos Breed on further bankes his Passenger had set,
Then lust and long conceiued grudge to foule reuenge did whet:
Not Deianira coulde auoid a Rape, or little lesse:
Or Hercules disioynd by Foord, giue aide to her distresse.
One while, contrarie to himself, full humbly he intreates,
Anon, like Hercules indeede he did commaund with threats.
But first nor latter might preuaile, for Nessus hald her thence:
I may not follow, nor in flight is (Centaure) thy defence
said Hercules, His deeds approue his latter saying true,
For letting flie a fatall Shaft the Rauisher he slue.
And though the arrow galled him euen at the verie heart,
Yet for a while he did indure the not indured smart.
And hauing brought his trembling Rape into a vallie said:
See Deianira how thy Loue an end of me hath made.
Yet is my death lesse griefe to me then that thou shouldst bestow
thy selfe on such a changing Churle as Hercules: I know
(sweet Wench I know) he doth preferre contrarie Loues to ther,
Wherefore my graue (the lesse my griefe) in this thy good shall be.
Take this (he gaue a folded cloth, and to the bane therein
he mixed somewhat of his blood) this same (quoth he) shall win
To thee again thy Husbands loue when he shall it estrange:
For out of doubt, I know it I, he takes delight in change.
When thou suspectest such a wrong, doe boyle a shirt with this:

No sooner shall he weare the same (herein such vertue is)
but that his nouell Loue will change and fall whence he did slie:
Meane while doe not the vnction touch, least so the vertue die.
In all this time betwirt his armes he did the Ladie claspe,
And hild her so, as Hawke a Pray, vntill his latest gaspe.
Then leauing him a liueleſſe Coarſe, miſtruſting nought his drift,
Shée meaning simply tooke with her the Traitours poisoned gift.
And *Hercules* by this had past the Riuer deep and wide:
Who (Deianira first imbrast) drew from the Centaures side
the fatall Shaft that should the death of braue Achilles proue,
In Phœbus Church, by Paris hand, for Polixenas loue.

THe Centaure left vntoombed there, Hée, Shée, and all their traine
are come to Lerna, whom the king did noblie entertaine.
There had he from the common teares the cruell hauock made
by Lernan Hydra, whom in Fenne not armies durſt inuade.
His viper parts had humane forme, his nether Serpentine,
The whole was monſtrous, yet his wit more mõſtrous, but moſt fine.
(For wit is monſtrous when the same from vertue doth decline.)
Such were his subtill arguments, and still supplies therein,
That he by often loſſe of heads was fained heads to winne.
And wittie thus to others wrong confounded all he found,
Propounding queſtions, and a word vnanſwered was a wound.
The scourge of Tyrants bearing thie, did promiſe death or aide,
Whilſt fearfull Deianira did the contrarie perſwade.
But womans ſpeech from weapons vſe might not withdraw him then,
Till entring Palus he had rouſd the Monſter from his Denne.
Diſdainfullie did Hydra take the preſence of his Foe,
And after subtill arguments to murder fight they goe.
Two blowes at once with Glaue and Taile made Hercules to réele,
Who ſince he firſt had vſed armes the like did neuer féele,
Not long he borrow'd had the Loan, but *Hydra* had the like:
So either twaine repaie their debt, and neither faintlie ſtrike.
But who might ſtand with Hercules? By him the Monſter fell:
Who burning vp his vgly ſhape did paſſe his ſoule to hell:
Which happie fate of Hydras fall left Lerna glad and well.

From

From whence to Athens, and from thence to Lycia did he saile,
Then to Hesperia Gerions Realme his outrages to quaile.

HE by his triple tyrannie (for Geron he was said
three-headed, in respect that him three other Giants aid)
So spoild and plag'd the neighbour Realmes with daily wrongs & war,
That all the force of Africa his furie could not barre.
In Gadira when Hercules his Pillers reared had,
The which (our Westerne world not knowne) men farther land forbad,
Then with victorious ships he sets on Gerions chased Fleet:
And secondly at Megida did either armie meete.
There Geron with his brethers twaine the Cittie did beset,
And scornfullie aduaunce themselues as men not to be met.
Prouiding therefore murall workes, they threaten hot assault:
Whilst Hercules contrarie warres vnto his souldiers taught.
The Gates wide opened out he comes vnto the Giants three,
Your men he said are well at worke, well met are also we.
This lesse then Monster, more than man, a Fiende in humane shape
the Spaniard said, is he from whom I made so hard escape.
Yet hardlier shalt thou now escape, said Hercules, and than
betweene them foure, three to one. A cruell fight began.
And euerie of the Giants thought himselfe an ouer-match
to Hercules, who almost gaue to one a quick dispatch,
The second he dispatcht in deed, who fell his latest fall.
Then thousands came to rescue them, yet one he fights gainst all:
Till Theseus with the other knights did march their Armie out,
And ioyne to him, their Foes with them, and all make battaile stout.
Then Gerons brother fights againe, and both did bath in blood,
It was no fighting where they fought, or standing where they stood.
King Meleus, Theseus, Hispan, and Philoctes did no lesse:
But soueraignlie the Sonne of Ioue bestird him in the preesse.
The Giant Gerons brother then by him did breath his last,
And Gerion did retire his men into their Gallies fast.
But where they land, there Hercules wonne landing, though hee past
the Pikes: notwithstanding thousand Swords, and warding thousand
himself alone, ere ỹ his men to fight on shore he brings. (stings

Then

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

Then Geryon, cursing heauen & earth, bestirre ye friends he cride,
Now is the time to liue or die, let good or or bad betide,
Doe liue as men, or die as men, sæ tenne we are for one,
What lets vs then from victorie, that victors haue ben knowne?
Reuenge your selues, reuenge your friēds, reuenge our commō mone.
Nor did he shrinke from what he saide, or said not as he wrought:
His onely dæds were manies death. Til Hercules he sought,
Whome singling after combat long, of him his end he cought:
So to subiection Hespera by Hercules was brought,

NO better Spanish Cacus sped for al his wondrous strength,
Whom Hercules from out his Realme debelled at the length.
A richer King or Tyrant worse liu'd not in any Land,
Nor any one gainst Hercules in hardier fight did stand.
Yet chased by his Conqueror he was inforc'd to flie
vp to a Mountain in those parts: where as at point to die
through famine, by his Magicke Arte he made the Mountaine flame,
And by that shift escapt his Foe long wondring at the same.
Then fled the Giant night and day (for feare did lend him wings)
And as about from place to place the wandring Tyrant flings,
He on a Mount in Italie cal'd Auentine did light,
Where laboured Cacus did repose his wered limbes all night.
In this same Hill he found a Caue which fitting place espide,
He did resolue in secrecie thenceforth himselfe to hide
in that same Mount from sight of men. And being there alone,
That words at least might vent his woes he maketh thus his mone.
Ah wretch (quoth he) no longer King, that title now must change,
Thou late weart fearful vnto all, now fearing all must range.
This ragged Caue must now suffise in stead of Royal seat,
And though (alas) the place should please, yet want I what to eat.
where be my solemne banquets now? where is my stately traien?
My Tributes? nay my proper Goods? or doe my friends remaine?
Not one I feare, proud wealth was such, that now in time of néed
I knowe not where to seeke a friend in any hope to speede.
And yet despaire not, Picus liues, indebted much to me
for great good turnes: to him I will ere here I setled be,

An

Thus drave he forth the dismall night, and by by peepe of day
he sped him vnto Calabria, for there king Picus lay.
His daughters three of long before, and still did loue him well:
And whether with the kings consent, or not, it so befell
he tooke them all to Auentin, and there with him they dwell
About his boisterous necke soft their daintie armes they cast,
Still plying him with kisses sweet, no sport was ouer past
That Cacus would and they might worke: and more, their custome was
by pleasant tales in order told the wearie times to passe.
And once especiallie it was concluded on a roe
That each of them should tell her tale, the first beginning so.

CHAP. IX.

KIng Aganippus ere his death had with his Lords decreed
his only daughter Daphles should in Empire him succeed.
A fayrer Ladie liu'd not then, and nowe her like doeth lacke,
And nature, thinke I, neuer will a second She compact.
The king intombed, Daphles of his Scepter was possest:
And one there was, a Noble man, that could it not digest.
Who (for he was of fame and force) did bid her battaile, and
In doubtfull end of diuerse their ciuill quarrels stand.
At length the Argiue Maiden Queene the Deracles subdued:
But (Cacus) of this Stratagem a Tragedie ensued.

Now Loues, not Launces came in vse, the man that lost the day,
and lies in Chaines, left her in cares: her Conquest was his pray,
Full often did shee blame her selfe for loning him her Foe,
But oftner thought she it more blame not to haue erred so.
Thus whom in Campe she loathed late, in chaines she loued now,
And thought him sure, because so sure. To Princes prisoners bow
Thinks shee: and watching fitting time vnto the Prison went,
Where at the doore of such his Lodge a manie teares she spent.
But entring, when her eyes behild the Image of her heart,
To her still peerelesse, though his bands had altered him in part,

She calling downe her bashfull eies stood senslesse then a space,
Yet what her tongleſſe loue adiornd was extant in her face:
And now the Gaoler left to her the Prisoner and the place.
Then cheering carefull Doracles let it suffice (quoth she)
That I repent me of thy bands, and frankly set thee free.
And let that Grace grace out the rest, for more remaines behind
then, being said, may decent seeme to such as faults will find.
My selfe, my Land, my Loue, my life, and all what so is mine
possesse: yet loue, and saue my life, that now haue saued thine.
Then sownes She at his sullen feet that yet abode in thrall:
Which to auoid, he faintly rubbs his Liuer on his gall:
And with his hand, not with his heart, did reare her sinking downe,
And fainting to approue her Choise, had promise of the Crowne.

But neither Crowne, nor Countries care, nor She (worth al ẏ rest)
nor grace, nor dutie, reconcile whom enuie hath possest.
No sooner was he got at large, and wealth supplid his lack,
But he to seeke her ouerthrow to forren aids did pack.
Demaund not how the wronged Queene disgested such her wrong,
But aske if shee, the tidings tolde, and heares them liu'd so long.
She liued in deed, yet sowned oft, and sowning ouerpast,
From her mistempered head she teares her lonely Tresses fast.
And beateth on her Iuorie breasts, and casts her on the ground,
And wrings her hands, and shricheth out, and flingeth vp and downe.
Her Ladies pittying her distresse had got their Queene to rest:
From whencefoorth outward signes & sighes her inward griefe exprest.
Her sparing Diet, seldome sleepe, her silence, and what not?
Had framd her now right Louer-like, and bild her so God wot:
Who hearing where he made abode these lines to him she got.

WHat fault of mine hath cauld thy flight doth rest in cloudes to (me,
But faultles haue I heard of none, a faultie may I be.
Yet not my Scepter, but my selfe, haue kinglie Suters sought:
Did all amisse, saue thou alone, that settest both at nought:
At nought said I? Yea well I said, because so easilie cought.
But cite a Crime, and for it I will shed a million teares:
And to be penitent of faults with it a pardon beares.
Ah Doracles, if our extreames, thy malice and my loue,

The

The formes neuer ill shall not the matters good remoue.
I heare thou doest frequent the warres, and war thou wilt with me,
Forgetfull that my Argiue men impatient Warrieurs be:
Sweet, hallard not the same to sword that Loue doth warrant thee.
Ech Speare that shall but crosse thy Helme hath force to crase my hart:
But if thou bleed, of that thy blood my fainting soule hath part.
With thee I liue, with thee I die, with thee I lodge or gaine,
Liue sake therefore, for in thy life consists the liues of twain.
Most wiselie valiant are those men that backe their armed Steeds
In beaten Pathes, ore bowded Tylthes to breake their staffe-like Reeds.
Where not the dynt of wounding Launce, but some deuise of loue,
Sance danger, hath sufficient mait their manhoods to approue.
Where braue Aspects of louely Dames Fauors to the fight,
Whose formes perhaps are wedge in harts, when Fauors wag in sight.
Whereas the Victors Prize is praise and Trumpets sound ech blow,
Where all is well that seemes but well, in courage or in show.
Where Ladies doffe their Champions Helmes, & kisse where Beauers hid
And parlie vader Canapies how well or ill they did.
Retire therefore, sweet heart retire: or if thou wilt be armd,
Then fight as these where all things make that all escape vnharmd.
Such manhood is a merriment: things present are regarded:
Not thousand drammes of blood in warre, one drop is here rewarded.
In few, the warres are full of woes, but here euen words of warre
haue brauer grace then dworks theselues, for Courts frō Camps be far.
Then are the valiant, who more vain: Then Cowards who more wise:
Not men that trauell Pegasus, but Fortunes fooles do rise.
Me thinks I see how churlish lookes estrange thy cheerefull face,
Me thinks thy gestures, talke, & gate, haue changd their wonted grace:
Me thinks thy sometimes nimble Limbs with armour now are lame:
Me thinks I see how scarres defore me where swords before did maime:
I see thee faint with Sommers heat, and droup with Wintets cold:
I see thee not the same thou art, for young, thou seemest old:
I see not, but my soule doth feare, in fight thou art too bold:
I sorrow lastlie to haue seene whom now I wish to see,
Because I see Loues Dart resse pleads tediously to thee.
If words, nor weepings, loue, nor lines, if ease, nor toyle in fight,

May waine thee from a pleasing ill, yet come thou to my sight:
Perchance my presence may disswade, or partnership delight.
But wo am I, dead paper pleades, a senceles thing of woe:
It cannot weepe, nor wring the handes, but say that she did so:
And saieth so vncredited, or if, then thought of corse:
Thus thus, because not passionate, to paper failes remorse.
O that my griefes, my sighes, and teares, might muster to thy viewe,
Then woes, not wordes, then paine, not pen, should vouch my writing
Yet fare thou wel, whose farwel brings such fare ill vnto me: (true.
Thy farewel lackes a welcome home, and welcome shalt thou be.
These lines subscribed with her name, when Doracles did viewe,
He was so far from liking them, that loathing did ensue.
And, least that hope should ease her heart or he not seeme vnkinde,
In written Tables he to her returned thus his minde.
The Bees of Hybla Honnie beare, but with their honnie stings,
And beautie doth not want a baite that to repentance brings.
Content thee Daphles, Moles take mads, but men knowe Moles to ca-
e therefore wakes ẏ Dawlian bird to ward ẏ sloeworms watch. (tch
I haue perus'd I wot not what a scrole forsooth of loue,
As if to Dirus in his Tent should Cupid cast his gloue.
A challenge proper to such Sottes as you would make of me,
But I disdaine to talke of loue, much more in loue to be.
Nor thinke a Queene in case of loue shall tie me to consent,
But holde the contrarie more true, and it no consequent.
For persons must in passions iumpe, els loue it proueth lame:
Nor thinke I of a womans graunt, but as a woers game.
Your Ser withstands not place and speach: for be she base or hie,
A womans eie doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eie.
Then senceles is he, hauing speach, that bids not for the best:
Euen Carters Malkins wil disdaine when Gentrie will disgest,
The better match the brauer mart and willinger is sought:
And willing sute hath best euent: so Vulcan Venus cought.
I argue not of her estate, but set my Rest on this,
That opportunitie can win the coyest She that is.
Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine, and tempers toyes with Arte,
Brings loue that swimmeth at her eies, to diue into her hart.

But

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

But since the best at best is bad, a Shroe or els a Sheepe,
Just none at all are best of all, and I from all will keep.
Admit I come, and come I then beeause I come to thee?
No, when I come my comming is contrarie sights to see.
My leasure serues me not to loue till fish as haggards flie.
Til Sea shal flame, til Sonne shal freese, tyll mortal men not die,
And Riuers climing vp their bankes shal leaue their channels dry.
When these shal be, and I not be, then may I chance to loue:
And then the strangest change will be that I a louer proue.
Let Beuers hide, not busses hurt my lips, for lips vnfit:
Let skarred limbes, not carefull loues, to honor, honor get.
I skorne a face effeminate, but hate his bastarde minde
That borne a man propostrusly by Arte doth alter kinde:
with figures, Ladie-like, with lockes, with lookes, and gauds in print,
With fassions barbing formeles beards, and robes that brooke no lint,
With Spear in wrest like painted Mars, from thought of battaile free
With gate, and grace, and euerie gaude, so womanly to see,
As not in nature but in name their manhood seemes to be.
Yea sooner then that maiden heares bud on his Boyish chinne,
The furie of the fierie God doth in the foole beginne.
And yet to winne whome would be wonne these woo with lesser speed
Then might be wun a towne of warre: the croppe not worth the seede.
But let them trauell til they tire, and then be ridde for Jaides,
If Ganiesters faire, if Souldirs milde, or Louers true of maides.
They loue in sporte, or leaue in spight, or if they stoope to luer,
Their kindnes must haue kindely vse: faultes onely make them suer.
Did fancie? noe, did furie? yea, hang vp the Thracian maide.
The wonders seuen should then be eight could loue thee so perswade.
But loue or hate, fare ill or wel: I force not of thy fare:
My welcome which thou doest pretend shall proue a thankelesse care.
When Daphles heard him so vnkind she held her selfe accurst:
And little lacked of so well but that her hart did burst.
And wheare she read the churlish scrole she fel into a sowne,
But, brought againe, vpon a bed her selfe she casteth downe,
Not rising more: and so her loue and life together end.
Or (if I so may gesse) in death her soule did liue his friend.

The Quéene interr'd, and Obbit kept (as she in charge did giue)
A Knight was shipt to Calidon, where Doracles did liue,
To offer him, as her bequest, the Argiue Throne and Crowne.
Not that we force, or feare, (quoth he) thy fauour or thy frowne
We mone this peace, or make thee Prince, but Daphles swore vs so,
Who louing more then thou couldst hate, nor liu'd nor died thy Foe.
And is she dead (quoth Doracles) that liued to my wrong?
I gladlie doe accept these newes expected for of long.

The Lord and Legate were imbarkt, and Ship ran vnder saile,
Until into the Argiue Strond the Mariners did haile.
To Dirce by adoption there inthronized a King,
Be diuers yeares good fortune had successiue in each thing.
All friends, no Foes, al wealth, no want, full peace, and neuer strife,
And what might seeme an earthly heauen to Doracles was rife.

A Subiect but a Noble man, did richly feast the King:
And after meat presented him with many a sight and thing.
There was a chamber in the which, portraitered to the quick,
The Picture of Quéene Daphles was: and deeply did it prick
The King his conscience, and he thought her like did not remaine,
So, whome her person could not pierce, her picture now did paine.
A killing Cupid, breathing loue into her breast did hide
Her wandring eies, whilst to her heart his hand a death did guide.
Non mœreens morior, for the Mott inchased was beside.
Her curtesie and his contempt he calleth then to minde,
And of her beautie in him selfe he did a Caos finde,
Recalling eke his late degree, and reckoning his desert,
He could not thinke, or faintly thought, his loue to sterne her harte:
And to the maker of the feast did such his thoughtes impart.
And doubtes your Grace the Feaster said, if Daphles lou'd or no?
I wish (I hope I wish no harme) she had not loued so:
Or you not loathed as you did, then she had liued yet:
To what her latest speach did tend I neuer shal forget.
My selfe, with diuers noble men whose teares bewraid their care
Was present, when her dying tongue of you did thus declare.

My hap (quoth she) is simplie bad that cannot bane nor hope:
Was euer wretch (I wretch except) held to so skant a scope,

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

I sée him roue at other markes, and I vnmarkt to be:
I finde my fault, but followe it, whilst death doth followe me.
Ah death (my Lords) dispaire is death, and death must ransom blisse,
Such Ransome pleaseth Doracles, and Daphles Pliant is.
Not booteles then (since breathles strait) swéet loue doth flames contriue
The which shall burne me vp at once that now doe burne aliue.
Alas (then did she pause in teares) that Doracles were bye,
To take it from his eies, not eares, that I for him doe die:
At least, perhaps, he would confesse my loue to be no lie.
But (Want-wit I) offensiue sights to Doracles I craue:
Long liue, deare harte, not minding me when I am laid in graue.
And you (my Lords) by those same Goddes whose sight I hope anon,
I coniure, that ye him inuest your King when I am gon.
Alonely say I liued and died to him a Louer true,
And that my dying tongue did sound swéet Doracles adue.
A sigh concluding such her words, she closed vp her eie:
Not one of vs beholding it that séemed not to die.
Thus to your Grace I leaue to gesse how tragick Daphles died:
In loue, my Lord, yea loning you, that her of Loue denied.
The Picture, and this same discourse afford sufficient woe
To him that maimed in his minde did to his Pallace goe.
There Doracles did set abroch a world of things forgot.
What meanst thou man? ah frantick man, how art thou ouershot?
(He said) to hate the substance then, and loue the shadow nowe.
Her painted board whose amorous breast did breake whilst I not bow.
And couldst thou, churlish wretch, contemne the Loue of such a Quéen?
O Gods, I graunt for such contempt I iustly bide your teene.
Her onely beautie (worthy loue, that now on me hath power)
was worthy of farre worthier loue without a further dower,
But gaze thou on her senceles signe whose selfe thou madest thy pray,
And gazing perish: for thy life is debt to her decay.
Time goeing on, gréefe it grewe on: of dolour sprung dispaire.
When Doracles to Daphles Tombe did secretly repaire:
There (teares a preface to the rest) these onely words he spake:
Thy Loue was losse, for losse my life in recompence doe take,
Deare Daphles. So a daggers stabbe a Tragedie did make.

Well did this Tragicke matter sort to Cacus tragicke baine:
But merier matter did behoue such humours to restraine.
That knew the second Sister well, who smiling ere she spake,
Began her turne, and of her Tale the next report I make.

CHAP. X.

A Proper Lad made Loue (quoth she) vnto a pretie Lasse:
In self-same house, foreworn with age, this Maidens Grandame was.
Her eyes were suncke into her head, her cheekes were leane and lanck,
Out stood her chin, into her mouth her bloodlesse lips they sanke.
Her toothlesse chappes disgrast her tongue in telling of a Tale,
And sucke she might a Meat for teeth, and spunage to did faile,
Her haire, since sixtie yeares not blacke, was now or white or none,
The substance of her wrinkled face was only skin and bone,
Dimme were her eyes, deafe were her eares, ranke smelt it she couldе (scent,
A palsie made her feeling cease, down tastlesse food it went. Sight, hearing, scent, touch, tast, and all, thus failing with her strength,
She to her chamber, bed, and chaire, betooke her at the length.
But gold is lou'd till graue hath lodg'd her bags and she were one:
And she must giue the Maidens Dowre, or els her Dowre is none.
The young man though he lou'd the Maid, on whom no loue was lost,
Yet did he loue to liue, and knew that marriage asketh cost.
The oldes wiues bags did let the Wanes: with whom he smoothed so,
That flattered, she fantised, her mouldie braines did crase.
What Diuell I wote not made her dote, she doted on the man:
Her rotten trunke and rustie face she fansied than.
And seeth what she could not see, her senselesse Senses weare,
And vnderneath a wrinckled hide a wanton heart did lurke.
Vnkindlie two she kisses gaue, which he did kindly take,
Supposing that herkindnes was but for the Maidens sake.

Her

Her crooked ioyntes, which long ere then supported scarcely stood,
She brought vnto a wallowing pace, distellowing so her blood:
And all for loue (surreuerence Loue) did make the chewe her cudde.
Young Battus from his Omphida (for they were named so)
Dislodged by the Grandame long, to woorke did roundly goe.
Desiring both the Maiden, and to marrie her a Dower.
The olde-wife nettled at his woords, for all her loue, did lower,
And dying by what drained out in belching, thus did say.
The thing (friend Battus) you demaund I gladly not denay,
But wel you wot that I am olde, and yet not all so olde,
But that the remnant of my life may spend the wealth I holde.
As all are nearest to them selues, so to my selfe am I.
And all shal lacke ere I will lacke: store is no sore we trie.
If you doe like of Omphida, I not mislike the match:
Loue hath no lacke, ye both are young, wealth comes to such as watch.
You louing her, she to her selfe a dowrie is, if not,
My money shall not sel the Maid: a sinful sale God woot.
For money shal not sel my selfe. And yet I cannot see,
But that a comfort to mine age an honest match would be.
My Goods besides do want a Guide, and often did I knowe
Your yongers vpon elder wiues then I themselues bestow:
And liued well and loued wel But as I do not care
for marriage, so an honest match I neuer will forsweare.
Well, Battus, take you Omphida: but if you money craue,
My bagges must onely vent to him whome I my selfe shal haue.
Yet thinke not I mislike of you in that you haue not sped,
But thinke I wish no better match, if I my selfe should wed.
Thus cunningly she closde with him, and he conceaues her thought:
Unequall was the Combat then that Loue and Lucar wrought.
The one was in her flowring age, the other tw tw olde:
The first with beautie did allure, the latter with her Golde,
But stormes (thought Battus) haue their stops, not long ỹ Crone cã liue,
Or if my kindenes length her life, my kindenes God forgiue.
Resoluing therefore on such hope, with easie suts he got
Assurance to be wedded tw the olde deformed Trot.
Medea charmed Aeson yong, Battus Medea-like,

Did worke no lesse a cuer vpon this vaine vnweldie Tyke.
Now on the bridell played she: yet as she laughes she lookes
With ielious eyes, if Omphida be blotted out his bookes.
Yea she that could not moue before, now crauleth euery wheare,
To pry'e if Battus play not false, and cause there was to feare.
But all this while no mariage was, nor witnesse of their match:
And well he knewe that widdowes shrinke, if men forslowe dispatch.
So hasting what she hindred not, come was the wedding day.
The Morning thawde the eauening frost, and slippie was the way:
Yet hobling on her ruskie ioynts, to Churchward goes the Bride:
Whose feete (her harts vnequall gides) could nothing els but slide.
Then Battus kindly leadeth her, and euer as she trips,
God blesse thee Mouse the Bridegroome sayd, and smakt her on the lips.
The oftner stumbled then his Beast, the oftner to be kist:
And thinketh in her gentle Choyse her self not meanly blist.
But when the Priest had done his part, and that they homeward come,
The Bride, for Battus, might salute the Pauement with her bonnne.
She reeled oft, and loked backe: he sawe, but would not see.
At length she stumbled headlong downe, hoyst vp againe, quoth hee:
The second tyme she did the like, hoyst Brock her good-man sayde:
And thirdly falling, kindly bad her breake her necke olde Jade.
The old-wife toke it to the hart, and home she went and dyed:
But Battus, ere his first was sicke, had owed his second Bryed.

THis Jest from Cacus straynde a smyle, but quickly was it donne.
Then, turning to her Sisters twaine, the yongest thus begonne.
Ye, Sisters, seuerally haue tolde how foes in loue did fall,
And age with youth: but I doe say that Loue can all with all.
Examples we, whom Loue hath brought from Court to liue in Caue,
And were there neede of further proofe, a thousand proofes I haue.
Could Latmus speake, it might accuse euen Phœbe of a kis:
And of a Votarie of hers to speake my purpose is.
But first she cheared thus her friend (for Cacus sadly sits)
Be merrie man, thy pensiuenesse or pastimes badly fits.
Be as thou art, not as thou wouldst, it will be as it is:
Learne then to lacke, and learne to liue: for crosses neuer mis.

Thinke

Thinke Fortune newly hatcht is fledge, and waggeth wing to flye:
All suffreth change: our selues, new borne, euen then begin to dye.
Be resolute, not desperate: the Gods that made thée poore,
Can, if they will (doe waite their will) thy former state restoore.
At least let patience profite thée, for patience is a thing
Whereby a Begger gayneth of a discontented King.
Knowe Destinie is Destinie. This Epitaph I réede,
Though common-hoked Poetrie, yet not vnworthie héede:
Vnborne, to knowe what I should be to Gods my mother prayde:
A Maile quoth Phœbus, Female Mars, and Iuno neither sayde:
An Hermophrodit was I borne. My death then askt she after:
By Sword quoth Iuno, Trée quoth Mars, and Phœbus sayd by water.
A Riuer-shadowing trée I climb'd: out slipt my Sword: I slidd:
By feete I hung, stabd with my Sword, my head in water hidd:
Maile, Female, neither, hanging, Sword, & drowning I abidd.
Thus Cacus howsoeuer things from likelihodes discent
in birth, life, death, the Gods are first, the middell, and Euent.
And not what they can doe they will, but what they will they can:
And that they doe, or doe it not, behoues not vs to skan.
And saying so, and kissing to, her tale she thus began.

CHAP. XI.

I Speake not of the Argiue Nimph that had the iellous Syer,
To whom, shut vp in brasen Tower, Ioue passage had for hyer.
Not of Europa, Semele, or Maia, will I dwell:
Not of your Foe his bastardie, or Lædas rape I tell:
Not of King Ceus Daughters fault, or other freake of Ioue
speake I: saue of th-Arcadian Nunne with whom he thus did roue.
Calysto was as faire a Mayde, as faire as one might bée,
Her father King Lycaon flead, Ioue chaunced her to see:
And seeing liked, liking lou'd, and louing made it knowne
To her (swéete Lasse) for fathers losse that maketh then her mone.
Take patience wench sayd Iupiter: with thée shall all be well,

Thy fathers dæds haue their deserts, but thou in peace shalt dwell.
I am his Victor, but thy selfe art Victoresse of me:
Doe graunt me loue, my zeale is more than fatherlie to thee.
The restlesse cloudes that mantling ride vpon the racking Skie,
The scouring windes that sightlesse in the sounding aire doe flie,
The thriftie Earth that bringeth out and broodeth vp her breed,
The shifting Seas whose swelling waues on shrinking shores do feede,
Shall fail, and faile, ere I be false (Lycaons Impe) to thee:
Of heartie Loue this kisse (he kist) an happie hansell be.
But hapelesse termes are these, quoth she, vnfitting to a Thrall:
Yet, in respect of that I feele, I heare them not at all.
A friend (ah friendlesse name I Friend) it being as it is,
A friend I say, much more a foe (and more, and worse then this,
The sonne of Saturne) should, and shall, that speed and hearing misse.
Doe rid, ah rid mine eyes of teares, and set my heart at rest,
By taking life, not making Loue: the former likes me best:
Or if that poore Calistos life shall lengthen to her woe,
Graunt that among Dianas Nunnes a votarie I goe:
For neither fits it now to loue, or euer shall it so.
What viewed Iupiter this while, not pleasing to his sight?
Or what vnviewed did he gesse, not adding to delight?
Not excellent, but exquisite, was all to minde and eye:
Saue she, the hansell of this loue, did him of Loue denie.
It greeues that Natures Paragon in Cloister, not in Court,
Should lose the beautie of her youth, and he thereby his sport.
But constant in her chast pretence, he graunts that would gainsay:
And seated in Religion now, with Phœbe did she stay,
Blame Iupiter of other Loues, of this doe set him cleere:
It was his first, and first is firme, and toucheth verie neere.
He did forgoe, but not forget Calysto in hir Cell:
When letting higher thoughts apart, the Frithes did please him well:
He takes his Quiuer and his Bow, and where she hunts, hunts he:
And sacrificed to his eyes that day he did her see.
About the Quarrie, Chase, and Toyles, Dogs, Bowes, the Stand, and al he vseth double diligence: so often did befall.
Not onely sight of her his Saint he got, but also talk,

Whilst

Whilst thus for his Calistos loue, he haunted Phœbees walke.
But sight and talke accrew to loue, the substance must be had:
And for to bring his drifte about, he virgin-like is clad.
His nonage kept his Beard frō bloome, no Wench more fair then he,
Whom at her Nunnarie a Nun Diana takes to bee,
And with his Sisters brotherly doe geese him to agrée.
Thus faines Lycaons Conquerer a Maid, to winne a Maid:
His hands to woll, and Arras worke, and womans Chares be laid,
That not so much as by the tongue the Boy-wench was bewraid.
Yet thought is frée, he sees, and smiles, and longs perhaps for more:
No maruell, for that Sister-hood had goodlie Ladies store:
Scarce one for birth and beautie to was there vnworthie him,
Yet chieflie to Calistos vaine he formed life and limme.
And Sister-like they single oft, and chat of manie things,
But that Calisto mindeth loue no likelihood he wrings.
So loue not once durst mention loue, and force was sinne and shame,
But loue is hardie. Thus it hapt: by long pursute of game.
She wearie resteth in the Thicks, where sitting all alone,
He seeing her is resolute or now to end his mone,
Or for so sweete a bodies vse, to leaue his soule in lone.
And Nymph-like sits him by the Nymph, that tooke him for no man:
And after sm'les, with nærer signes of Loues assaut began.
He feeleth oft her Iuorie breasts, nor maketh coy to kisse:
Yet all was well, a Maiden to a Maiden might doe this.
Than ticks he vp her tucked Frocke, nor did Calysto blush,
Or thinke abuse: he tickles to, no blab she thinks the Bush.
Thus whilest she thinks her sister Nunne to be a merrie Lasse,
The Wanton did disclose himself, and told her who he was.
Away the Virgin would haue fled, whom he withhild by force:
Thy loue (sweet Nymph) hath vrg'd this shift, wel worthie thy remorse
he said: nor scorne with me a King to ioyne thy selfe a Quæne:
Or doe but Loue, and I will line in Phœbees Celles vnseen:
And there in beds, in bushes heere (my Fainings fit so well)
We may enioy, what Loue enioynes, and none our scapes shall tell.
She would not loue, he could not leaue: she wrangleth, and he woeth:
She would resist, he did persist and sport denied doeth,

That done, which could not be vndone, what boteth discõtent?
As God be pleasd, as not be easd: away Calysto went
To Cloyster, Iupiter to Court: nor much she did repent,
Untill her growing wombe disclos'd an ante-cedent fault,
Then in the Chapter house she told of Iupiters assault.
Diana, and her virgens all, admyring that escape,
Did gird at her, maligning Ioue for such his subtell Rape.
And who more ready to controule, then Athalanta was?
Whome shortly Meleager brought vnto the selfe same pas.
The Lady Abisse did discharge Calysto from her Cell:
And, silly Nymph, she great with child some otherwhere must dwell.
Pelasgis it was Iupiters, and he her cause of blame,
The King her father in exile, her selfe in this defame,
What then remain'd? euen secracie, to hyde her selfe from shame.
Keepe close (quoth she) from world yee woods mine error, Ioue his crime:
And setling there in simple Caue, did waite her childing tyme.
At length was hairie Arcas borne: no sooner cold he goe,
But that his wildnes eiked to his wretched Mothers woe.
No beast so strong that he would shunne, and man he neuer sawe,
Nor yet his vexed mother cold from fearcenes him withdrawe.
Seauen yeres, the Daughter of a King, she liued thus in Caue,
Not wanting griefe, but wanting all that poorest wretches haue.
And (worst of all) her sauage sonne, whose manners did agrée
Unto his birth-place, bowerly threates his mothers death to be:
And angrie once, pursued her so long from place to place,
That euen into the Cittie gates he followed her in chase.
The people when they did behold so fayre a Nimph in flight,
A Baer-like Arcas in pursute, (for being naked quite,
His skinne was swart and hairie) they did wonder at the sight.
And some that would his passage stop, he rudely casteth downe,
And spares no spoyle: vntill the sight was noysed through the towne.
Then out came Iupiter in Armes, whome when Calysto knewe,
Helpe Ioue (she cryde) for loe thy sonne his mother doth pursue.
He knewe his Leiman at the first, and ioyed of her sight:
Then kisse they, when the Sauage boy by force did leaue to fight.
Calysto liued Lady-like, yea Iunos Ryuall now:

And

And Arcas, nobly mannaged, such vertues him indowe,
That (Ioue consenting) him for King Pelasgis did Allowe.
A Sonne well worthy such a Syer: and for his prowes and fame,
Pelasgis then, of Arcas, tooke Arcadia to name.

BUt rather might these Ladies fayre by any pleasant taile,
Or daseling toye of mashing loue, (sweet Consorts to preuaile)
Dissuade outragious Cacus from impatientnes of mynde:
Who in his greatest tyrannies did chiefest pleasures finde.
He sleas the harmles Passengers, from eldest soule to childe,
He burnes and spoyles the neighbour parts, and women he defild:
And to his Caue (Troponius Caue) did bring the spoyles he gaynes,
In which (except to do more harme) he secretly remaynes.
Whilst none did passe, that did repasse vnspoyled or vnkild
(None knowing how) all Italie with feare thereof was fild.
But, lo and helpe: when Hercules had slaughtered out-right
Tenne Giants of Cremona Kings, and put th-eleauenth to flight,
From thence the Worthy did ariue with his victorious band
At King Euanders Cittie, that by Auentin did stand.
Amongst a many ritcher Spoyles, though none to him so rare,
He brought a sort of Spanish kyne. Euander taking care
(Because the like misfortune oft had hapned there before,)
Least Hercules should loose: his Kyne, of which he made such store,
Gaue counsell that within the walles they might be kept all night.
And better to approue his words) with teares he did resight
The murthers, thefts, and cruelties, without compassion maide
Upon his Subiects, and their gods: by whome could not be said,
But that the gods (for so they gesse) for sinne them so inuade.
I am resolu'd, quoth Hercules, where gods doe vengeance craue,
It is not strong or fensiue walles that any thing can saue:
My Kyne shall therefore graese abroade: if mortall man it be,
Then know, a Tyrant is my Talke, his blood the Talkers fée.
The Cattell graesing then abroade (as was his vse alwaies)
The Gyant left his cruell Denne, to seeke his cursed praies.
The Mone not wanting of her light, the Kyne he did espye:
And knowing them, he also knewe his feared Foe was nye.

And

And far much better feare had bene, then mallice at that tide:
But hardly shunneth pollicie, what declinies prouide,
He might haue lurkt a while in Denne: but of a prœuish spight,
Eight of the Kine with fastned cords, by pollicie and might,
He dragged backward by their tailes into his diuelish Nest:
Then stopping vp the subtill hole, did lay him downe to rest.
Now Hercules (the rather prickt by king Euanders talke)
Into the fieldes to sée his Kine by prime of day did walke.
Where missing eight, he could not gesse which waie they should be gon:
A many therefore had in charge, to search them out anon.
The Searchers following euery signe, great store of footings found.
Discending from Mount Auentine, into the lower ground:
But for the footings did discend, and not ascend, they thought
of no such cunning as in deed, in Auentine was wrought.
Alcæus Grand-sonne searching long the Theefs he could not finde,
Was much disquieted in him selfe, and angrie in his minde:
And chafing when he should depart, he twise or thrise did shake,
A Tree that grue on Auentine: which rooted vp did make
So large a vent, that one might view the hollowe Caue belowe.
And Cacus with his Leash of wiues, they were disclosed so.
Whome, when the Greeke espied there, O graceless King he said,
Whose Tyrannies haue made the Realmes of Hespera afraid,
Whose cruelties haue bene the cause of all the losse thou hast.
What moueth thee in Italie to prosecute such waste?
Thinkst thou, whom neither mightie Realmes, nor royal Gards of mẽ
Could late defend, now to escape, inclosed thus in Den,
The iust reuengement of the Goddes: no, no, the Heauens wée sée,
Haue brought to light a wretch so lewd, euen by a senceles Tree:
And since that neither wealth nor want to goodnes may thée win,
A grieuous death, condignly, shall cut off thy grounded sinne.
To it did Cacus aunswer thus, doest thou pursue me still?
Who onely art the chiefest cause of these my doings ill.
Not suffring me to liue the rest of my vnhappie dates
Among the fruitlesse rocks, a wretch in miserie alwaies.
Cease further prate, said Hercules, in troth it grieueth much,
To sée a King in this Distresse but since thy life is such

As

As nather in aduersitie, nor prosperous estate,
Thou canst afford one iot of good, I purpose to rebate
Thy wicked dayes by worthy death, prepare therefore to dye.
When Cacus sawe he must perforce so harde a combate trye,
He by inchanted flames againe endeuored to flye.
But Hercules deluded once by that deuise before,
Had learned now for being so deceaued any more:
And casting feare a side did leape into the flaming Caue,
And so by Arte did conquer Arte. The Gyant then to saue
Him selfe, did take his Axe in hand, where Hercules and he
Couragiously bestirre themselues, vntill they did agree
To trye it out in open ayer. So dolefull was their fight,
That Lokers on could not discerne to whether best should light.
The frighted Ladies did their best to helpe their fighting frend:
But Hercules had victorie, and Cacus had his end.

CHAP. XII.

FOr Gyants of Cremona slayne, and Cacus ridded so,
The Latine Princes prayse on him and presents did bestoe.
Where Rome is now, Pallantia then, Euãder he did frame
A Temple, and to Hercules did dedicate the same:
And he (intreated thereunto) in Italie did stay:
To honour whome did Princes come from farre and euery waye.
King Faunus had affaiers abroad, when from Laurentum came
His wife Marica, Facua some this louely Quéene do name.
From liking, did she fall in loue with Hercules, and he
More ready to haue made demaunde, then like to disagrée,
Conceauing her by circumstance, so cupped by contract,
That, had King Faunus neuer liu'd, Latinus had not lackt:
Yet home came Faunus, fathering his late Coriuals act.
But whether gotten lawfully, or thus in loue forbod,
Latinus, Brute his Gran-dams Syer, was some vnto a God.

WHilst that in loue of this same Quéene, and lawde of all besides,
The vanquisher of Vulcans sonne in Italy abydes,
Of Calabries a mightie Dste King Picus he prouides.

And in reuenge of Cacus, swore his Slayer should be slaine:
But he, ere long, that so did sware, vnsware it againe:
When, chased home into his holdes, there sparred vp in gates,
The valiant Thæbane, all in vaine, a following fight awaites.
He, for dispatch, did fayne himselfe a Legate to the King,
And him the Porters, as the same, before their Tyrant bring.
Then, shaking of his ciuill Robes, his shining Armes appeare:
And renting downe an Iron sparre, both Prince and people feare.
Some ran to Armor, other some did fight with him their last:
Both Court and Cittie in the ende did lay vpon him fast.
There Picus, worthely, did winne of valiantnesse a name:
Yet Hercules more valiantly by death doth Picus tame.
And to attend their King his goste, he sendeth flocke by flocke:
His furie was as fier to Ferne, his foes as waues to Rocke:
Nor did his Lyons Spoyle giue place to darting or to knocke.
Meane tyme his men assault without, whil'st he assayles within:
Then fightes he to beate downe the Gates, and so the Goale did win.
Within the King his ransackt Court he Iole espyes,
Whose teares, then mounting from her hart, dismount thē from her eyes.
King Picus (now a lifeles corse) was father of this mayde:
In vaine therefore did Hercules her pensiuenesse disswayde.
Nor could he but lament her faate, and loue so swéete a face,
Whose person also did containe the type of female grace.
At first she was so farre from loue, she rather seem'd to hate,
Yet could she not so giue the Checke, but that she toke the Mate.
Then eithers loue, was eithers life: poore Deianira shée
was out of commons, yea of thought: an other had her fée.

WIth this so faire and portly wench, he sayled into Thrace:
And heares how Diomedes did tyrannise in that place.
No Straunger scapes vnraunsomed: but Raunsome wanting, then
He casteth them, as prouendor, to Horses eating men.
A Garde of Tyrants like himself, attending on him still,
Who richly did maintaine themselues, by such their doings ill.
The Scourge of such was moued, not to be remoued now
by Iole, whose louing teares such labours disalow.

With

With Diomedes and his Garde in Forrest did he méete:
Who with their common Stratagim the Straunger thinke to grēte.
Hands of, commaunded Hercules, for Horse I am no hay,
All Straungers Raunsome once for all, my comming is to pay:
Which sayd, himself against them all began a noble fray.
The sturdie Thracians, mightie men, did hardly lose their ground:
But, then the King, a mightier man not any where was found.
These all at once assayle, and strike, and thunder on his Sheeld:
But number fitted to his force, vnwonted so to yeeld.
For with his Club he skuffles then amongst their Curates so,
That speedie death was sweeter dole, then to suruiue his blo.
Well mounted comes the King himself, whom he dismounts anon,
But, rescued to his Horse againe, away he would be gon.
Lesse haste, he sayd, I Harts out runne, nor shalt thou me out ride:
Out stripping so the man-lead horse, he topled ore his side
The monstrous King, that rescules to flying people cride.
Who, lying all to frushed thus, the sonne of Ioue did bring
His cruell Jades, that sone deuoure their more then cruell King.
The Thracians all submit themselues, and ioye their Tyrants death:
And thinke some God had left the Heauens, to succour men on earth,
From such, as what they would they will, and what they will they can,
And what they can they dare and doe, and doing none withstan.
Nor thought they better of the man then did his deedes approue,
That neuer was a Conqueror vnto his owne behoue,
But to establish vertuous men, and Tyrants to remoue.
This common Soldiour of the world with Iole did land
in Lycia: and, the earth in peace, discharged there his band.
Sweete busses, not sharpe battelles, then did alter man and minde:
Till he, as others, sorrowe in securitie did finde.
From Assur went the Empier then, when Tonos he had tyme
To court his Trulles: Arbaces so espying place to clyme.
Secure in Tomyris her slight, was valiant Cyrus slaine.
From Capua, not from Cannas, grewe the braue Carthagians baine.
The same to whose victorious Sword a second world was sought,
That Macedon in Court, not Campe, to traytrous end was brought.
A Louer, not a Soldiour, went Achilles to his graue.

And Cæsar not in steele, but silke, to Rome his farwell gaue.
Euen so, this second vnto none, superior vnto all,
To whome did soner Causes cease, then Conquests not befall,
This Monster-Master Hercules, this Tyrant-Tamer, he
Whose ligh Exploytes did leaue the Earth, frō spoyle & Spoylers free,
In pleasures did perrish now, that did in perrilles thriue:
A greeuous Taske I vndertake his dying to reuiue.

CHAP. XIII.

When Deianira vnderstood her husbands back returne,
She thought it strange, that he from her so strangely did soiorne:
Explorers sent to search the cause, returne was made that he
Did loyter in a Strangers loue: and Iole was she
That euer hanged at his lips, and hugged was of him,
And that, his armor layd a-part, in silke he courts it trim.
The daughter of th-Atolian King did little lesse then raue:
And can the churle (quoth she) preferre in loue a captiue Slaue
Before his wife? whome late he saynd inferiour vnto none:
Ah Hercules thou art a man, thy manhood thus is knowne.
Fye, may a forren Strumpits armes so fasten on his necke,
As he (the Rector of the Earth) must bowe if she doe becke?
Oh how vnlike to Hercules, is Hercules in this?
But, leauing men to natures fault, in her the lewdnes is:
No man so chaste, but such as she may worke to doe amis.
Thus whilst her ouerplus of loue to Jelosie did growe,
She simply mynds the spightfull gift that Nessus did bestowe.
And, for he dying spake the words, she held it as her Creede
That it could winne him to her selfe: of which (now hauing neede)
She vseth part: and sent a Shirte so boyled as she bad
To Hercules: and Hercules was of the Present glad:
Confessing her his onely Wiffe: And whilst he did repent
His breach of loue, on Oeta Mount to sacrifice he went.
Philoctes Pæans valiant Sonne, and Lychas he that brought

The poysned Shirt, were present there: but of no treason thought:
Nor Deianiras selfe (good Soule) till tryall made it playne,
When as his body and the fire gaue moysture to the hayne.
His stoutnes hid such torments long, as els could none abyde,
Yea till the baine his Bowels and his verie Marroe fryde.
But when his torments had no meane, the Altar downe he throes,
And from his martred body rents the gory smoking clothes,
And striuing to strip of the Shirt he teareth flesh from bone,
And left his breaking Synwes bare, his Intrailes euery one
Did boyle, and burst, and shew themselues where lumpes of flesh did lack,
And still the murdrous Shirt did cleue vnto his mangled backe.
Espying Deianiras Squire, that quaking stoode, he sayde,
And art thou wretch the Instrument of my distruction mayde:
Whome swinging then about his head, he slunged downe the hill:
And so did silly Lychas dye, that purposed no ill.
Then running downe from hill to Playne, from Playne to hill againe,
He rents vp Rockes and mightie Hils in error of his paine:
Till, sadly leaning on his Club, he sighing, vowes that none
Should be the death of Hercules, but Hercules alone,
And to his frend Philoctes tooke his Arrowes and his Bow,
And gladly to the hallowed fyer as to his bead did goe.
Where lying downe, and taking leaue with reared hands to skye,
The Earths Protector so, in peace, amidst the flames did dye.
Philoctes, nere orgone with greefe, his Asshes did conuaye
To Italy, inshrined in his Temple there to staye:
And wofull Deianira heares of Hercules decay.
His Goste she voucheth and the gods to witnes, that her mynde
Was giltles of a traitrous thought: nor thinke me so vnkynd,
(Sweet Husband) as to haue the will to outerliue thee heer,
But that my goste, before thy goste it selfe of guyle shall cleer:
And now I come, ah now I come, forgiue yee gods the deed
She sayde: and pearsing so her breast, a breathles Corse did bleed.

AS Greekes lament their Champions losse, so did the Phrygians ioy:
And Priamus did fortefie his stately Citie Troy.
Twyse Hercules had raysed it, and thirdly was it reard

By Pryam, strong in wealth, and walles, through Asia lou'd and feard.
He cald to mynd Laomedon whome Hercules had slayne,
His Sister to Hesione, that Captiue did remayne
in Salamis with Telamon: and well he was apayde,
In that the doer of the same liu'd not the Greekes to ayde.
His Sister therefore not restwyde, his Legates al king it,
By stealing of the Spartane Quæne did Paris crye them quit.
Twelue hundred fiftie fiue war-Shippes, with men & Armor frought,
By seauentie Kings & kingly Peeres, frō Greece to Troy were brought,
To winne her thence. King Priamus (besides his Empier greate)
Had ayders Princes thirtie three: lesse Lords I not repeate,
Nor Sagitar, that in this Warre did many a valiant feate.
Tenne yeres, tenne monthes, and twise fiue daies, the siege they did abide:
Eight hundred sixtie thousand Greekes, by Troian weapons dyed:
Sixe hundred fiftie sixe thousands of Troians fighting men,
Besides the slaughtred at the sacke, by Greacians perisht then:
And (if that Hector, Troilus, and Paris, so we name)
Fell fortie Kings: omitting more, of little lesser fame.
Wilike, and ciuell quarrelles, when the Greacians homewards drewe,
Did well neere waste the remnant Kings that Phrigia did subdewe.
Thus secure Troy was ouer-set, when Troy was ouer stoute,
And ouer rich, was ouer-runne, and tardie lokt aboute.
The Greekish Ships with Phrigian Spoyles through Xant & Samoies
For now Antenor had betrayde Palladium to the foe, (roe:
And with Palladium Priamus. Æneas sought to hyde
From Pyrrhus Polyxena, she for whom Achilles dyde,
Wherefore vpon Achilles Tombe her self was after slayne,
What tyme old Hecuba discryde young Polydor his bayne:
For which Æneas banished hoysts sayles, tis sayd, to winde,
And, after many perilles, rule in Italie did finde.

ÆNeas dead, Aschanius raign'd: Aschanius dead, his brother
Posthumus Syluius did succeede. Lauinia was his mother,
Her Syer Latinus, Faunus his, and Picus him begot,
And Saturne him: from mother thus Posthumus lacked not
The noblest bloud. On Fathers side his petigree was thus:

Ione

Ioue had Dardanus: and the same begot Erictheus:
He Tros: Tros, Assaracus: he Capys: and the same
Anchisis: he Æneas had: of him Posthumus came:
And he was father vnto Brute: and thus the Brutons bring
Their petegrée from Iupiter, of Pagane Gods the King:
And add they may, that Brute his Syer of Venus sonne did spring.
Thyse fiue degrées from Noe was Brute, and fower tymes sire was hée
from Adam: and from Iaphets house doth fetch his petegrée.

Posthumus Syluius perrishing in Thace amongst the brakes,
Mistooke for Game, by Brute his sonne: Brute Italie forsakes.
And to allospate his Exile, a many Troians moe
At all aduentures put to Seas, vncerten where to goe:
To whom did Fortune, Fortune-like, become a friend and foe.
Till Brute, with no lesse payne and praise then had his Grandsier late
Achiued Latium, landing here, suppressed so the state
Of all the Féend-head Albinests, huge Gyants fearre and strong,
Or race of Albion, Neptuns sonne (els some deriue them wrong)
That of this Ile (vn-Scotted yet) he Empier had ere long.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XIIII.

Ow, of the Conquerour, this Isle had Brutaine vnto name,
And with his Troianes Brute began manurage of the same.
For raised Troy, to reare a Troy, fit place he searched then:
And vewes the mounting Northerne partes: These fitt (quoth he) for men
That trust almuch to fight, as fight: our Bulwarks are our brests,
The next Ariuals heere, perchance, will gladlier buyld their nests.
A Troians corrage is to him a Fortres of defence.
And leauing so, where Scottes be now, he South-ward maketh thence:
Whereas the earth more plentie gaue, and ayre more temprature,
And nothing wanted that by wealth or pleasure might allure.
And more, the Lady Flood of Floods, the Ryuer Thamis, it
Did seeme to Brute against the foe, and with him selfe to fitt.
Upon whose fruitfull bancks therefore, whose bounds are chiefly sayd,
The want-les Counties Essex, Kent, with which the wealthie Glayde
Of Hertfordshire for Cities store affords no little ayde,
Did Brute buyld vp his Troy-nouant, incloling it with wall:
Which Lud did after beautifie, and Ludstowne it did call
That now is London: euermore to rightfull Princes trewe,
Yea Prince and people still to it as to their Storehouse drewe,
For plentie and for popilous the like we no wheare bewe.
Howbe-it many neighbour townes as much ere now could say,
But place for people, people, place, and all for time decay.
When Brute should dye thus to his sonnes he did the Isle conuay.
To Camber Wales, to Albana & he Albanie did leaue,

To

To Locrine Brutaine: whom his Quéene of life did thus bereaue.

THe furous Hun, that drowning there to Humbar left his name,
The King did vanquish, and for spoyle vnto his Mauie came.
Where Humbars Daughter, Patragon for beautie, such a Dame
As Loue himself could not but loue, did Locrine inflame,
That Guendoleyne, the Cornish Duke his daughter, Locrins Quéene,
Grewe in contempt: and, Coryn dead, his Change of Choyse was seene.
To Cornwell goes the wothfull Quéene to seaze her fathers Land,
From whence she brought, to worke reuenge, of warriours stout a band:
And bids her husband battell, and in battell is he slaine:
And for their sonne in Monage was, she to his vse did raine.
The Lady Estrild Locrins Loue, and Sabrin, wondrous faier,
Her Husbands and his Leimans impe, she meaning not to spaier,
Did bring vnto the Water, that the Wenches name doth baier.
There binding both, and bobbing them, then trembling at her yre,
She sayd: if Scythia could haue hid the wandring King thy Syre,
Then British waters had not bin to him deserued bayne:
But Estrild, snout-faire Estrild, she was sparde, forsoth, to trayne
With whorish tricks a vicious King: but neither of you twayne,
Thou stately Drabb, nor this thy Brat, a bastard as thy selfe,
Shall liue in triumph of my wrong: first mother, and her Elfe,
Shall fish in Flood for Humbars soule, and bring him newes to hell,
That Locrins wife on Locrins Whore reuenged her so well.
They lifting vp their lillie hands, from out their louely eyes
Powre teares like Pearles, and washe those Cheekes where naught saue beautie lyes:
And seeking to excuse themselues, and mercie to obtaine,
With spéeches good, and prayers faire, they speake and pray in vaine.
Quéene Guendoleyne so bids, and they into the Flood are cast,
Whereas amongst the drenching waues the Ladies breath their last.
As this his Grandame, such appear'd Mempricius, Madans sonne,
Whose brother Manlius traytrously by him to death was done.
And since of noble Brute his lyne prodigious things I tell,
I skipping to the Tenth from him, will shewe what befell.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

ABout a thirtie yeres and fiue did Leir rule this Land,
When, doting on his Daughters three, with them he fell in hand
To tell how much they loued him: the Eldest did esteeme
Her life inferior to her loue, so did the Second deeme:
The Yongest sayd her loue was such as did a childe behoue,
And that how much himselfe was worth, so much she him did loue.
The formost two did please him well, the yongest did not so:
Upon the Prince of Albanie the First he did bestoe,
The Middle on the Cornish Prince: their Dowrie was his Throne,
At his decease: Cordellas parte was very small, or none.
Yet for her forme, and vertuous life, a noble Gallian King
Did her, vn-dowed, for his Queene into his Countrie bring.
Her Sisters sicke of Fathers health, their Husbands by consent
Did ioyne in Armes: from Leir so by force the Scepter went:
Yet, for they promise pentions large, he rather was content.
In Albanie the quondam King at eldest Daughters Court
Was setled scarce, when she repynes, and lessens still his Porte.
His second Daughter then, he thought, would shewe her selfe more kinde,
To whom, he going, for a while did franke allowance finde.
Ere long, abridging almost all, she keepeth him so loe,
That of two badds, for betters choyce he backe againe did goe.
But Gonorill at his returne, not onely did attempt
Her fathers death, but openly did hold him in contempt.
His aged eyes powne out their teares, when holding vp his hands,
He sayd: O God, who so thou art, that my good happ withstands,
Prolong not life, deferre not death, my selfe I ouer-liue,
When those, that owe to me their liues, to me my death would giue.
Thou Towne, whose walles rose of my wealth, stand euermore to tell
Thy Founders Fall, and warne that none doe fall as Leir fell.
Bid none affie in Friends, for say, his Children wrought his wracke:
Yea those, that were to him most deare, did loath and let him lacke.
Cordella, well Cordella sayd, she loued as a Childe:
But sweeter words we seeke then soth, and so are men begilde.
She onely rests vntryed yet: but what may I expect
From her: to whom I nothing gaue, when these doe me reiect.
Then dye, nay trye, the rule may fayle, and Nature may assend:

Nor

Nor are they euer surest friends, on whom we most doe spend.
He shippes himself to Gallia then: but maketh knowne before
Unto Cordella his estate, who rueth him so poore,
And kept his there arriuall close, till she prouided had
To furnish him in euery want. Of him her King was glad,
And nobly intertayned him: the Queene, with teares among,
(Her duetie done) conferreth with her father of his wrong.
Such duetie, bountie, kindnes, and increasing loue, he found
In that his Daughter and her Lord, that sorrowes more abound
For his vnkindly vsing her, then for the others cryme:
And King-like thus in Agamps Court did Leir dwell, till tyme
The noble King his Sonne-in-law transports an Armie greate,
Of forcie Gawles, possessing him of dispossessed Seate,
To whom Cordeilla did succeede, not raigning long in queate.
Not how her Nephewes warre with her and one of them slew th'other
Shall followe: but I will disclose a most tyrannous mother.

CHAP. XV.

GOrbodugs double Issue now, when eighteene Kings were past,
Hild ioyntly Empier in this Land: till Porrex, at the last,
Not tyed so by brotherhod, but that he did disdaine
A fellowe King, (for neuer can one Kingdome brooke of twaine)
Did leuie secrete bands, for dread whereof did Ferrex flye,
And out of Gallia bringeth Warre, in which himselfe did dye.
Then Porrex only raigned here, and ruled all in peace:
Till Iden, mother Quéene to both, her furie did increase
So fearcely, as she seekes reuenge euen in the highest degrée.
Why liueth this (quoth she) a King: in graue why lyeth he:
Dye Iden, dye: nay dye thou wretch, that me a wretch hast mayde:
His goste, whose life stoode in thy light, commaundeth me of ayde.
Nor want I (Ferrex) will to ayde: for why the Gods I see
Deferre reuenge, nor with a Deuill the Deuilles disagree.

The heauens, me thinks, with thunder bolts should presse his soule to hell,
Or Earth giue passage, that at least with men he might not dwell:
But I my selfe, euen I my selfe, their slacknesse will supplye,
And mothers name, and Nature both to such a Sonne denye.
Dead night was come, when Iden found the King her sonne a sleepe,
And all was still: not then as now did Gards their Princes keepe.
Admit they had, who would haue feard such mischiefe in a mother?
She whispring softly, sleepe thy last, yea sleepe as doth thy brother,
Did gash his throte: who starting vp, when strength & speech were gone,
Lifts vp his fainting hands, and knewe the Tyrantisse anone:
And maketh signes, as who would say, ah mother, thou hast done
a deede, as neuer mother earst did practise on her Sonne.
But name of Sonne, nor signes did serue: him still w̄ wounds she plyes,
Nor (more then Monster) did it please that simply so he dyes,
But that his bodie, peecemeale tore, about the Lodging flyes.
And thus from noble Brute his lyne the Scepter then did passe:
When of his bloud for to succeede no heire suruiuing was.

FOwer Dukes at once, in ciuell broyles, seiuerally after raine:
Neere when, the Scottes (whom some accuse by Ante-dates to gaine)
Did settle in the Northerne Isles. These people bring their lyne
from Cecrops, and that Pharo, he that euer did declyne
from Moses, seeking Hebers house from Ægypt to conuay.
His daughter Scota, Gathelus their Duke brought theuce away,
When Pharos sunne to Iacobs Steede, did nere that Land decay.
And Cecrops sonne brought then frō thence (as Scottes inforce the same)
The Stone that Iacob slept vpon, when Angles went and came.
Of it was made their fatall Chaire: of which they beare in hand,
That whersoere the same is found, the Scottes shall breake that land:
At Westminster that Monument doth now decaying stand.
In Lusitania Gathelus did first his Kingdome found:
And of his race (of Scota, Scottes) when Spanish Scottes abound,
Ariue in Ireland, and in it a second Empier ground.
And thirdly, when their broodie Race that Isle did ouer-store,
Amongst the Ilands Hebudes they seeke out dwellings more.
These Irish, sometime Spanish Scotts, of whēce our now-Scotts bee,

Within

Within the Iſles of Albion thus, whil'ſt Brutaines diſagree,
Did ſeate themſelues, and neſtle to amongſt the Mountaine grounds:
What tyme a Scythian people, Pichtes, did ſeaze the middle bounds
Twixt them and vs: and theſe did proue to Brutaine double wounds.
The Penthland people and the Scottes alying, friendly liue,
Untill the Pichtes, by Brittiſh wyles, contrary cauſe did giue.
Then from their Captaines fell the Scottes, and chuſe to them a King:
And Fergus out of Ireland did the Chaire of Marble bring:
In which, inſtal'd the firſt Scotch King in Albion, ſo he wrought,
That Pichtes & Scottes, then vp in Armes, were to attonement brought.
Three valiant people thus at once in Albion Empier hold,
Brutes, Scottes, and Pichtes: the latter twaine leſſe cruell, but as bold.
The Pichtes were fearce and Scythian like much like the Iriſh now
The Scottes were them: couragious both: nor them I diſallow
That wight they fead on humaine fleſh, for ſo it may be well,
Like of theſe men their bloudie mynds their natiue Stories tell:
But to our Brittiſh buſines now, to ſhewe what there befell.
Not how the tri-partited Rule vnto his quartarne Rayne
Donwallo, after fortie yeres, did Monarchize againe:
Not what precedent Kings in Fraunce, and Denmarke, did obtaine
Speake I. From Porrex fortie Kings in ſcilence ſhall remaine:
Saue only valiant Brennus, and his brother Belyne: thay
Unpraiſed for their warres and worke ſhall not eſcape away.

CHAP. XVI.

THeſe Brothers, thriſting amplier Raynes, did martially contend,
Till Brenn his force was not of force his brothers to defend.
To Norway ſayles he, where he got an Armie, and a Prize,
The Prince of Norwaies Daughter: whom he winneth in this wiſe.
The King of Denmarke ſtood with him, vntill the States decreede
That both ſhould plead before their Prince, and better Pleador ſpeede.

And when the Norgane Prince and Peeres were seated for their strife,
The King of Danes beginning first, thus pleaded for a wife.
Not yet a King, King Phillips Sonne w none but Kings would cope,
His reason was, inferiour strife of glorie giues no hope.
I am a King, and graunt the Prize in question worthy me,
But grudge that my Competitor a banisht man should be.
Doe graunt him what he hath for-gon, and neuermore shall git,
Yet were he but a Demi-king, to challenge me vnfit.
Dunwallos yonger Sonne, that hath his Brother to his Foe,
And worthely, his trecheries haue well deserued soe.
And yet (audatious that he is) he blusheth not to heare
The troth of his vntroth, nor yet an heere Repulse doth feare.
Would she for whom I must contend, were not to me the same
She is, or he that stands with me a man of better fame.
But since in this vnequall Plea I must my selfe imbace,
Knowe, Norwaies, that my pleaded cause concernes your publique cace.
It is the King of Denmarke doth your Prince his daughter craue,
And note, it is no little thing with vs Allie to haue.
By League, or Leigure, Danske can fence, or front you, friend, or foe,
Our Neighborhood doth fit to both, your wel-fare or your woe.
Combyne therefore in needfull League our neere coniopned States:
I may your good, nought lesse can he that thus with me debates.
He is a Bruton (if Exile allowe we call him so)
And farre from ayding you, that knowes himselfe not to bestoe.
Admit he were receiued home, what Empier doth he sway:
A sorrie Islands Moyetie, and farre from hence away.
Her Dowrie is your Diedeme: what Joynter can he make:
Not any: giue not then to him, from whom ye cannot take.
And Lady (She for whom they stroue was present) well I wot,
My loue doth claime a greater debt, then so to be forgot.
I wish (myne Oppolite his want) that Armes might giue the right,
It is not dread, but doom'd (sweete wench) that thus with tongue I fight.
Proude Bruton (frouning so on Brenn) disclaime in her my dewe,
Els thou repyning shalt repent: doe make thy choyse a newe.
At least amend thyne Error, and myne Enuie shall haue end:
I neede not force so weake a Foe, seeke thou so strong a frend.

Norwaies

Norwaies consent, and Lady, be no Conter-mande to this:
Dissent not Brenn: conclude her myne: els my Conclusion is,
If not for worth, by force perforce to winne her from you all,
Yea though our banisht Copi-mate could his Brittish Succours call.
The King of Danes concluded thus: and after sylence shorte,
The Brutaine Heros bailed, and did answer in this sorte.
Most gracious Norgane Pæres, you heare the ouer-tearming taunts
Of this Appelant, that himselfe, and Scepter ouer-vaunts.
It lesser greeueth he should grudge that I with him co-riue,
Then this so parramptorie speach in your dispight to wiue.
It greeues, in troth, not for my selfe, but for he beardeth you,
And seemes dis dainfull of your ayde, that doth so proudly owe.
How captiously he derogates from me, and myne estate:
And arrogates vnto himselfe, to bring me so in hate.
How daintely his eyes endure so base and Obiects bewe:
How desperetly doth he conclude, and threatneth me and you:
Well, barke he, byte he, braggs nor blowes shall dare me to defend
A Challenge, where so braue a Prize stands for the Wagers end.
Nor thinke (vainglorious that thou art) me lesser then a King,
Or greater then by suite, or fworde, to prize so rare a thing.
Vpbrayd me not with banishment, nor Belyns quarrell touch,
Nor yet my Petite Signorie: nor more then troth by much.
These present Nobles knowe the cause for which I hether come:
Not as an Exile, but for ayde, and they assure me some.
Then knowe, the cause is honest when their Honors giue supplyes:
As capable are they of troth, as thou art apt for lyes.
My Brothers Kingdome seemes, forsoth, an Ouer-match to myne,
My Kingdome, Cutlake, therefore is an Under-match to thyne:
Nay, giue (and so I hope ye will) the Prize to me, and than,
Let Cutlake with his Crowne of Danske vn-crowne me, if he can.
Then he, disabling me to make a Joynter, happelie,
With Denmarke such a Joynters want (if wanting) should supplie.
But neither haue I such a lacke, nor hold I such a loue,
As that her Dowrie (not in queft) before her selfe doth moue.
He harpeth as himself would haue, that maketh loue his Staile:
Els would he sewe in milder sorte, and, sewing, feare to faile.

For

For, Lady, see your Louers Plea: your loue, sayth he, is debt:
And if not words, nor worthines, then Armor shall you get.
Braue words, and fit to feare, not feede, a courted Ladies vayne.
But say he cannot owe in print, but Soldiour-like and playne:
Nor I, in sooth, more loues my heart then can my tongue explayne.
Conclude we therefore Soldiour-like, and let a Combate yeeld
Vnto the hardier of vs twayne the honor of the feeld.
If not: then, if my Lords so please, or she thereto agree,
Although thou should'st by force of Armes subdew her hence to thee,
Yet from thy strongest Hold in Danske I would thy Conquest free.
Loe here my Gage (he terr'd his Gloue) thou know'st the Victors meede:
(So did he pause, his Pledge vntoucht, and then did thus proceede)
Then treat thy fill, and worse thy worst: deliuer, Lords, your willes:
Ye haue experience how this same with bragges, not battell, killes.
He threatneth onely, I intreate, he claimeth her of dewe,
I wish, and hope for to deserue. The Counsell then withdrewe
themselues aparte: and sone for Brenn a verdict did ensewe.

The Dane inraged sayled thence, and rigged out a Fleete,
And did with Brenn, relayling home, at great aduantage meete.
Their Shippes did grapple, and their swords did sunder life from lim:
So fought they, as their Shippes did seeme in Seas of blood to swim.
But multitude oppressed Brenn, he hardly did escape,
His Lady will he, nill he, left the King Denmarkes Rape.
Not meanely insolent the Danes hoyst vp their home-meant Sayles:
But after many crabbed Flawes, and long contrarie Gayles,
The Kings and Norgane Ladies Shippe was tossed to the Coste
Of Brutaine: where, imprisoned, King Belyn was their Hoste:
Vntill, sufficient Pledges had that Denmarke it should pay
Continuall Tribute to the Brutes, he them dismist away.
Howbeit Brenn, receiued now amongst the Gawles, did threate
For Norgane Lady him with-held his Brothers selfe and Seate:
For Tyne, alaying Loue, did add vnto domesticke hate.
He with the Cenouesean Gawles, whose Prince his heire of late
He had espoused, did inuade the Empier of his Brother:
And almost did their Battelles ioyne, when thus intreates their Mother.

I dare to name ye Sonnes, because I am your Mother, yet

I

I doubt to tearme you Brothers, that doe Brotherhod forget.
These Prodigeies, their wrothfull Sheilds, forbodden Foe to Foe,
Do ill beséeme allyed hands, euen yours allyed soe.
O, how seeme Oedipus his Sonnes in you againe to striue':
How séeme these Swords in me (aye me) Iocasta to reuiue':
I would Dunwallo liued, or ear death had lost againe
His Monarchie, sufficing Power, but now to smale for Twayne.
Then either would you, as did he, imploy your wounds elswheare:
Or for the smalenes of your Power agrée at least for feare,
But pryde of ritch & rome-some Thrones, that wingeth now your darts,
It will (I would not as I feare) worke sorrowe to your harts.
My Sonnes, sweét Sonnes, attende my words; your Mothers words attend,
And for I am your Mother, doe conclude I am your frend:
I cannot councell, but intreate, nor yet I can intreate
But as a Woman: and the same whose blod was once your meate.
Hence had yée Milk (She baerd her Pappes) these Armes did hug ye oft:
These fyled hands did wype, did wrap, did rock, and lay yée soft:
These Lippes did kisse, or Eyes did wéepe, if that ye were vnqueat,
Then plye I did, w Song, or Sighes, w Dance, with Tonge, or Teate.
For these kinde Causes, deer my Sonnes, disarme your selues: if not,
Then for these bitter teares, that now your Mothers Chéekes doe spot:
Oft vrge I Sonnes and Mothers Names, Names not to be forgot.
Send hence these Soldiors: yée, my Sonnes, & none but ye would fight:
When none should rather be at one, if Nature had her right.
What comfort, Beline, shall I speede': sweét Brenn, shall I preuaile':
Say yea (sweet Youthes) ah yea, say yea: or if I néedes must faile,
Say noe: and then will I beginn your Battell with my baiel.
Then then some Stranger, not my Sonnes, shall close me in the Earth,
When we by Armor ouer-sone shall méet, I feare, in death.

This sayd, with gushing teares eftsoones she plies the one and other,
Till both did shewe themselues at length Sonnes worthy such a Mother:
And with those hands, those altred hands, that lately threatned blowes,
They did imbrace: becoming thus continuall frends of foes.

Glad was the Quéene: and Beline hild sole Empier: more he had
From Denmarke Tribute: and to this a greater honor add,

His daughter Cambra, wedded to the Almayne Prince, gaue name
Vnto the Cimbrians, holding Rome so long and warlike game.
Some (if no Error) giue to him for fourteen Conquests fame.
His Valour, Warre, and Peace ore-past: now speake we of the Knight,
That this side and beyond the Alpes subdewed all by fight.
The stateliest Townes in Italie had Brenn their Builder, and
Euen Rome, the terror of the World, did at his mercie stand.
The Senate, giuing to the Earth ear-while both warre and peace,
Could not themselues, their Cittie, scarce their Cappitoll release.

THeir Gander Feast, what Manlius and Camillus did therein,
How This the Cappitole, & That from Brenn his Spoyles did win,
I pretermit. The three-topt Mount Parnassus had beloe
Appollos Temple, whether men for Oracles did goe.
This, with the God and Goods the Gawles did put to sacke and spoyle:
And whil'st, incamped here, they kept such sacraligious coyle,
The God, or rather Deuill, whom th'Almightie did permit,
His Deitie prophaned, to deceiue the world in it, (lers quit,
With Tempests, Earth-quakes, Stench, & Sights, so cryde the Spo-
That most did perrish, fewe disparse, and all were out of harte,
Yea Brenn himselfe discouraged did chaunge in euery parte.
He loking after, and vpon, the scattered, and the slayne,
Did seeme a second Cadmus, saue lesse patient of his payne.
And, shaming to be seene to weepe, deuoured sightles teares:
And in these words his hartie greefes did number to their Eares.
Sweete Soldiours leaue me to my selfe, it likes me that ye leaue me,
More takes your tarriance from my health then can these plagues bereaue
Ech of these Masse of Coarses dead, hath bin a death to mee, (me.
Deliuer then myne Eyes of you, too many deathes I see.
Suruiue, and tell the Westerne World what we enployted haue:
How that to Rome, amidst her Rofe, the Mayden Sacke we gaue.
Tell of our Battelles, Booties, and our Buyldings: lastly tell
(An honor to our Duerthrowe) that we at Delphos fell
By wounds deuine, no humaine Armes. But God, who so thou be,
Lesse is thy courage then thy meanes, els would'st thou rope with me,
As Pluto with Alcides did, and Mars sometymes with men:

Doe

Doe me like honor, and these Graues shall lightly greeue me then.
But thou full little dareſt ſo. Nay I doe dare to much,
That with my ſo vnhallowed tongue thy Deitie dare touch.
Ah, ſee theſe Slaughters, and reſerue alive this ſmall Remayne,
Let laſt me, and only me, ecke to the number ſlayne.
But bootleſſe to a ruthles God I ſee my prayers ſpent,
As haughtelie doeſt thou reuenge, as humbly I repent.
Well (God of Delphos) ſince our teares, this Incence, nor theſe Graues,
Appeaſe thyne yre, parſift to plague this fleſh, that henceforth craues
No pittie: to the Hebrewe God, of power exceeding thyne,
(Men ſay) appeale I, and bequeath the Soules of me and myne:
Accept my ſimple Legacie, O Godhood moſt deuyne,
Sayd Brenn. And with a ſelfe-wrought wound did perriſh: and his men
Departing, wonne, and left the name to Gallo-Grecia then.

The righteous Gorboman might add freſh Subiect to our Muſe,
But ſkipping to his Fathers Sonnes, of them it thus enſewes.

FIue yeres had Archigallo raign'd, when, hated doing wrong,
He was depriued of his Realme, and liued vagrant long,
And fearing all that frended none, kept cloſe the Woods among.
There Elidurus hunting found his wretched Brother, and
They gaſing each in others face, with ſighes and weepings ſtand.
A King, as Elidurus is, once was I thinke his brother,
A wretch, as Archigallo is, I may bethinke the other.
The lowlie King alights anon, and when they had imbrac'd,
Then Archigallo ſecretly in Ebranks Towne was plac'd:
In which, the King commaunding ſo, the Nobles did conuent,
To whom did Elidurus thus informe of his intent.

If Fortune had bin croſſe (my Lords) to me, or any feare
Of Armor were approching vs, I ſhould perchaunce appeare
Faint, and falſe-harted in my charge, but euer lackt the one,
Nor hath the other likelihood, for quietler ruleth none.
Yet Kings may thinke their heads to weake their Dyademes to ſuſtaine,
For endles cares concurre with Crownes, a bitter ſweete is Rayne:
Howbeit, Subiects falſely iudge their Princes bleſſed are,
When both of peace and perrilles they containe to common care,

And yet for this they grudgingly from Pounds a Penny spare.
Not these, my Lords, make me disclaime in it which all pursue,
But Justice biddes my Brothers right I should commend to you.
This one Request includes, I knowe, exceeding dangers twayne,
To me, if for a priuate life I change a publique Rayne,
To you, if whom ye haue depriu'd ye shall bestowe agayne.
But for I haue done right, no wrong, though Justice wants not foes,
And though vnto a Magistrate digrading bringeth woes,
Yet to the bad a conscience good may saue it selfe oppoes.
Nor be ye fearefull of reuenge, that did no more then right:
Euen Archigallo will confesse his sinne, and clear your spight:
Whose restitution (were he wrong) at least shall you acquite.
You hallard lesse, re-kinginge him, then I vn-king'd to be,
And Danger ouer-dares, if it from Justice disagree.
Then, good my Lords, doe right his wrong, at least-wise doe him right,
Whose smarte, no doubt, hath wrought in him a reconsciled spright.
Just Gorboman his brotherhod, succeding in their Lyne,
Then Archigallo should be King, to him let me resyne.
So much the King did vrge this Text, that Archigallo rayned:
And Elidurus willingly in priuate life remayned:
The one restored, for his late depriuing nothing mou'd,
The other (wonders tell I now) dis-crowned yet belou'd.
Tenne peres did Archigallo rayne, beloued well, and dyed:
And Elidurus once againe the Kingly Throne supplyed:
Untill his Brothers secondly depose him of his rayne,
But they deceasing, thirdly he was crowned King agayne:
And so, vntill his Dying day, with honor did remayne.
A many Kings whose good or bad no Wighter hath displayde
Did followe: Lud, and Hely, for their stately buyldings maide
Rest chiefly famous: nor forget King Bledgabred I shall,
Whome Brutons did their Glee-god for his skill in Musike call.
The next whose dayes gaue famous deedes, Cassiuelan is sayde:
Whome Caius Iulius Cæsar did with Armor thus inuayde.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XVII.

THis Conquerour of Gallia, found his Victory prolong'd
By Brittish Succoures, and for it, pretending to bee wrong'd,
Did send for Tribute: threatning els to bring the Brutons Warre.
The former going forward first, the Albinests to barre
A common foe, concurr as friends: and now was come the Spring,
When Cæsar out of War-wonne France victorious Trowpes did bring.
But easlier wonne the Grecians land at Pargama by much,
Then got the Latines footing heer, their Contraries were such.
Yée might haue sæn of Hectors race, tenn thousand Hectors heer,
With pollicie on either part, the Romanes buying deer
The bloody Shore: the water yet lesse dærer then the land
To them, whom valiantly to prove the Ilanders withstand.
Oft battell they, the Brutons still victorious, and in vaine
Their foes were valiant: onely heer was Cæsars force in wayne.
And as our men vnto his men were as tempestious Thunder,
So did his ankred Shippes on Seas by Tempest dash in sonder.
But twise (q Cæsar) Fortune, thou weart opposite to myne,
But thirdly heer, to Cæsars selfe thou (wontles) dost declyne.
Conuaying than his weerie men into his wasted Shippes,
To Gallia, there to Winter them, he miscontented slippes.
Of this same Victorie did spring securitie and strife,
The Scottes and Pichtes did sunder hence, the Brutons, ouer ryfe
In Largesse, making frollike Cheer, a quarrell then aroes
Betwixt the king and Luds false Sonne, and they dis-ioyne as foes:
That Cæsar slippes Aduantage such were error to suppoes.
Euen of the Brutons some there were recalling backe the Foe,
And Winter past, with dubled power he backe againe did roe.
The Romaines more, the Brutons they farre fewer then before,
Defend, defend, fight for, fence from, to winn, and warde the Shore.
But Cæsar landed: and ensew'd continuall cruell fight,
Thrise put the fearce Cassiuelanes the Cæsarines to flight:

And still the King incouraging in euery wing appeares,
So giuing needles spurres to fight, his Soldiours brookt not feares:
Nor little did the Cornish Belles offend the Romaine eares.
When Cæsars oft successles fight had tyred him and his,
Inringed with his mayhmed Campe, the Romaine speaketh this:
Are these same Bands, those self-same Bands, ỳ neuer faught in vaine?
And ye the men, that following still my Standard, still did gaine?
Euen these, and ye, are very those: nor can I discommend
Your manhoodes, that with lesser work, brought greater Warres to end.
But not, as was my wont to wight, the Senate now shall rede,
I came: I sawe: I ouer-came: such Foes forbid such spede.
Nor let the Senate muse, for Troy with Troy doth here contend:
This warlike people (fame is so) from whence sprong we discend.
Yea, if Æneas had not left the Phrygian Gods to vs,
And Greekes Palladium shipt to Greece, this Fortune foyling thus,
I would haue thought those very Gods had followed our anoy:
But them haue we, these onely haue vndanted harts from Troy.
But what? shall Cæsar doubt to fight against so braue a Foe?
No, Cæsars Tryumphes with their Spoyles shall giue the brauer shoe.
Ye Gods that guide our Capitall, Mount Palatin thou Throne
Of stately Rome, ye Followers two of her affayres each one,
Delay not, but depriue me quite my Triumphes, now in hand,
Nor let me liue, if so I leaue vnconquered this Land:
This Land, the last of Westerne Isles, an Isle vnknowne ere this,
Which famous now, through Cæsars fight, and our misfortune is.
Enough, my fellowe friends in Armes, enough we Romaines haue
To seeke reuenge: your Conquest is a Countrie rich and braue:
And (which perswadeth Victorie) in Troynouant there bee,
That hold that Cittie to our vse: the Brutons disagree,
No Scot or Pichte assisting them in these our Warres I see.
Their ciuell strife will proue their skourge, how stout soere they seeme,
And perpetuitie doth fayle in euery thing extreeme.
Not Fortune still is good or bad, and now let be our day:
To long we liue, if that so long we shall on trifles stay,
Sayd Cæsar: and with such his words did so inflame his men,
That with lesse patience did they liue, then linger battell then.

The

The Romaines bid the Race, and then did cruell Warre begin:
And little wanted, that the Brutes the better did not win.
But Cæsar so foresawe Supplies, and Succors here and theare,
Perswading this, disswading that, controuling flight and feare,
That, after many Romaines slayne, the Brutons toke their flight
To Southerne Shores: whereas to proue Cassiuelan did fight
With oft Erruptions out of Woods: vntill the traytrous Knight,
The Earle of London yeldes his Charge and Cittie to the Foe,
Through which disloyall presedent did other Citties soe:
And then with hard-won Tribute hence the Conquerour did goe.

BVt he, that wonne in euery Warre, at Rome in ciuell Robe
Was stab'd to death: no certentie is vnderneath the Globe.
The good are enuied of the bad, and glorie findes disdayne,
And people are in constancie as Aprill is in rayne:
Whereof, amidst our serious penne, this Fable intertayne.
An Asse, an Old-man, and a Boye, did through a Cittie passe,
And whil'st the wanton boye did ride, the old-man led the Asse:
See ponder doting foole, sayd Folke, that crauleth scarce for age,
Doth set the boye vpon his Asse, and makes himselfe his Page.
Anon the blamed Boy alightes, and lets the Old-man ride,
And, as the old-man did before, the boy the Asse did gide:
But passing so, the people then did much the old-man blame,
And told him, Churle, thy limbes be tough, ỹ Boy should ride for shame.
The fault thus found, both man and boy did backe the Asse and ride,
Then that the Asse was ouer-charg'd each man that met them cride.
Now both a-light, and goe on foote, and leade the emptie Beast,
But then the people laugh, and say, that one might ride at least.
With it they both did vndershore the Asse on either side,
But then the wondring people did that witles pranke deride.
The old-man seeing by no waies he could the people please,
Not blameles then, did driue the Asse and drowne him in the Seas.
Thus whil'st we be, it will not be, that any pleaseth all:
Els had bin wanting, worthely, the noble Cæsars fall.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XVIII.

AVguſtus, quayling Antonie, was Emperour alone:
In whoſe vn-foed Monarchie our commõ health was knowne.
The Bꝛowſer of the Serpents head, the Womans pꝛomiſ'd Seede,
The Second in the Trinitie, the Fode our ſoules to feede.
The Vine, the Light, the Dooꝛe, the Way, the Shepheard of vs all,
Whoſe Manhood ioyn'd to Deitie did Raunſome vs from thꝛall,
That was, and is, and euermoꝛe will be the ſame to his,
That ſlæpes to none that wake to him, that turnes our Curſe to bliſſe,
Whom, yet vnſeene, the Patriarkes ſawe, the Pꝛophets haue foꝛtold,
Th'apoſtles pꝛeacht, the Saincts adooꝛe, and Martiers doe behold,
The ſame (Auguſtus Emperour) in Palaſtine was booꝛne,
Amongſt his owne, and yet his owne did croſſe their Bliſſe in ſkoꝛne:
Bi-foꝛmed Ianus then in Mewe: ſo would this Pꝛince of peace,
That Cæſars Edict euery where ſhould Mars his enuie ceace.

THen raigned here King Cymbelin, King Theomantius ſonne:
Next him Guiderius, that with-held the Tribute Cæſar wonne.
The Romaines that, in our reſpect, neglected Miſia, Spayne,
Armenia, Frauuce, and Siria, then Recuſants of their Rayne,
Not by their Captaines, but himſelf the Emperour of Rome,
Into relapſed Brutaine with imperiall Enſignes come.
Then hotter then the Punick Warres to Romaines did begin:
And Claudius loſeth valiantly all that the Brutons win.
But Romiſh Hamo, from whoſe death Southhampton had that name,
In Brittiſh Armes ſaluꝛes the King, and ſlewe by gyle the ſame.
Duke Aruiragus, vſing then the Armoꝛ of the King,
Maintayned fight, and wonne the field ere Brutons knewe the thing.
This hardie Knight, his Bꝛother ſlayne, was Crowned in his place:
And with his winnings, alſo wonne the Emperour to grace:
Who ſending foꝛ his Daughter faire Geniſſa, ſo did ende
The Warres in Wedding: and away did Claudius Cæſar wende.

But

But Aruiragus after this reuolted, and to stay
The hauocke made of Romaines here came succors euery day.
His Quéene Genissa, childing dyed, when his Reuolt she knewe:
And Voada, deuorsed late, became his Quéene of newe.
Then he, that at Ierusalem the fatall siege begonne,
Was sent from Rome: and warring here, the wonted Tribute wonne:
And through his gentle Victorie, bound Aruiragus still
A friend to Cæsar, whom the King adopted heire by will.
I here omit the dismall Warre in the Isle of Nona made
Against the Romaines, whom the Priestes the Drudes inuade
With banning words, and women, with their hayre vntrussed, stand
With brands of fier in furious wise about their desperat band:
The King deceased, Voada and her two Daughters, they
Abused by the Romaine Lords, doe hotter warres assay.

THe noble Scot King Corbred, he confederats with the King
of Pichtes, and they and Brittish Péeres to field their Armies bring,
To ayde the Quéene of Brutes: that like the Amazonian Dame
That beating downe the blodie Greekes in Priams succour came,
Had pight her Iauelen at her feete, when entred in among
The fearce Confederates, thus she spake amidst the scylent throng:
My state and sexe, not hand or hart, most valiant friends, withhild
Ne wretched Cause of your repaier, by wicked Romaines ild,
From that reuenge which I doe wish, and ye haue cause to worke:
In which, suppose not Voada in female feares to lorke.
For loe my selfe, vnlike my selfe, and these same Ladies faire
In Armor, not to shrinke an inch where hottest doings are.
Euen we doe dare to bid the Bace, and you your selues shall see
Your selues to come behinde in Armes, the Romaines tw that bee
Such Conquerors, and valiantly can womenkind oppresse,
Shall knowe that Brittish women can their Romish wrongs redresse.
Then arme ye with like courages as Ladies shall present,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praise of Dulet shall preuent.
Nor enuie that our Martiall rage exceedes your manly ire,
For by how much more we endewer, so much more we desire
Reuenge on those, in whose default we are vnhallowed thus,

Whil'ſt they forget themſelues for men, or to be borne of vs.
Ye yéeld them Tribute, and from vs their Legions haue their pay:
Thus were to much, but more then thus the haughtie Tyrants ſway.
That I am Quéene, from being wrong'd doth nothing me protect:
Their Rapes againſt my Daughters both I alſo might obiect:
They Maydes deflower, they Wiues enforce, and vſe their willes in all,
And yet we liue deferring fight, inferring ſo our fall.
But valiant Brutons, ventrous Scottes, and warlike Pichtes I erre,
Exhorting, whom I ſhould dehorte your fearcenes to deferre.
Leſſe courage more conſiderat would make your Foes to quake:
My hart hath ioy'd to ſee your hands the Romaine Standards take,
But when as force, and Fortune fayld, that you with téeth ſhould fight,
And in the faces of their Foes your women in diſpight
Should fling their ſucking Babes, I hild ſuch valentnes but vaine:
Inforced flight it is no ſhame, ſuch Flyers fight againe.
Well, here ye are, that with the King my valiant Brother dead
the Latines, wondring at your Prowes, through Rome in triumph lead:
Ye Mars-ſtard Pichtes of Scythian bréed are here Coleagues: and more,
Ye Dardan Brutes, laſt named, but in valour meant before:
In your Conduct, moſt knightly Friends, I ſuperſede the reſt:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our beſt.

Scarce did this braue Bellona ende, when as the Battelles ioyne,
And life and death was bought and ſold with courage, not with coyne.
Aboue the reſt the Quéene of Brutes through blood did cut her way,
Sire thouſand Ladies Lyons-like employting like a Fray:
Till Cattus with his Romaine Armes ſubdewed, ſtead away.
Of Romaines ſeuentie thouſand dyed, of Brutons then were ſlaine
Twiſe fifteéne thouſand, and the reſt their ceaſed frédome gaine.

When valiant Plancius, Preſedent in Gallia, heard ſuch newes,
He waffes an Armie out of Fraunce, and Voada purſewes.
The Albineſtes to ayde the Quéene aſſemble at her call,
And then began a ſecond Warre, nor was the ſlaughter ſmall.
The Brutons, barring flight, had cloſde themſelues with Waines about,
In which the awles women ſtood, ſurueying who was ſtout,
Controuling Cowards, and among did fill the ayre with dinne:
But, valiant though the Brutones were, the day the Romaines winne.

In

In vaine the furious women then on Sonnes and Husbands call,
Themselues with Sonnes and Husbands did by aduerse weapons fall.
Quæne Voade past helpe, and hope, betoke her selfe to flight:
Till loking backe, vnfollowed then, and hauing in her sight
The senceles Troukes of slaughtred friends, she leaning on her Launce
Did powre forth teares, and grewe at length impatient of the chaunce,
And sayd: my selfe, my trustie friends, will with my dearest blood
Repe Obite to your happie Goastes, that for your Countries good
Be as you be, and I will be: no Romaine sworde shall boste
Of my dispatch, So on her Launce she yelded vp her Goste.
Her Daughter then, for to reuenge her friends vpon her foes,
Assisted by the banquished, against the Victors roes,
And slaughtring through ỳ Romaine Tentes the braue Virago goes:
Till Plancius, euer prouident of perrilles, brought supplyes,
What tyme Vodicia, vrging wounds, with constant courage dyes.

SUch busines hanging, Lucius here the first Baptized King
dyed issules: and for the Crowne did long contention spring.
At length Constantius Cæsar (for the Brutous yelded so)
Did Helen, Colis daughter wed: of her doe prayings go
For finding of the holly Crosse, and her deuotion raier:
From These proceeded Constantine, the most vndoubted haier
Both to the Romaine Monarchie, and this his Parents Reame.
He turn'd the Empiers ebbing pompe into her flowing streame,
And was a Prince religious: yet (with reuerence be it sayd)
If lesse religious, then not he the Empier had decayd,
By largesse to a pompeous Priest, Apostolique ere then,
But now intruding euen on God, insulting ouer men.
Nor sparest thou his natiue Realme that seazed thee of Rome,
Admit his frankneslle were a fault (as is their common dome,
That say he made a Paule a Salue, that made a Priest a Prince,
And in that grace the Empiers grace disgraced euer since)
Finde thou no fault, with such a fault whereby he fitted thee:
But if thou wilt vngratefull proue, vngracious cease to bee:
A Traytors Tutor is a. K. nor force we such a. T.
Let such a Prelate blesse or banne, with Candle Booke or Bell,

He cannot raise himselfe to heauen, nor rid a knaue from hell.
Vayne are his Bulles, engendring Calues, sent hether from his Stalles,
To feede (mad Fooles) the Foule, that by his name the Sender calles.
Nor thinke he dreamed this in vayne, that dreamed thus of late:
One seemed to haue passed Styx, and entring Plutos gate,
Sawe Hecat newe canonized the Souramtisse of Hell:
And Pluto bad it hollyday, for all which there did dwell.
Sterue Minos, and grimme Radymant, discend their duskie romes:
The Docket to was cleere of Gosts, adiorn'd to after domes:
The Furies, and the deadly Sinnes, with their inuective Scroles
Departe the Barre: the Fiendes rake vp their euer burning Coles:
The Elues, and Faries, taking fists did hop a merry Rounde:
And Cerberus had lapp enough: and Charon leasure founde:
The ayrie Spyghtes, the walking Flaures, and Goblines great & small,
Had there good cheare, and companie, and spoyte the Deuill and all.
To Tantalus the shrinking flood nor starting fruite were such:
Nor Tityus his bowelles did the hungrie Vultur touch:
Upon his Stone sat Cisaphus: Ixeon on his Wheele:
The Belides vpon their Tubbes: no wonted toyle they feele.
Till in this anticke Festiuall, these last reseyted fiue,
Of dignities, for dueties there, they earnestly did striue:
And then the quarrell grewe so hot that hell was hell againe,
And flocking Gosts did seu'rally their Fauctors parte maintaine.
With Cisaphus toke parte the Gosts of mynds that did aspire,
And by ambicious clyming fell, desarts vnlike desire.
With Tantalus hild starued Gosts, whose pleasure was their paine,
Whose euer Hords had neuer vse, and gettings had no gaine.
To Belides assisted Soules of Unthrifts, whose supplies
Did passe frō thē a Sea through Ciues, whose walls no wealthes suffice.
Unto Ixeon stood their Spyghts that had their lustes for lawe,
Rebellants to a common good, and sinning without awe.
To Tityus lastly ioyned Gosts, whose harts did emptie hate
As Todes their poyson, growing when it seemeth to abate.
About fiue Apples, Stones, & Tubbes, the Wheele was tumbled downe,
The Vultur girds, no Goste but had at least a broken crowne.
This skufling and confederacie in hell made such a reare,

That

That, wontles of such braules and blowes, Proserpine did feare.
But Pluto, laughing, tolde his Bride to Ela it was say:
To morrowes dinne should proue that same to be a ciuell day:
In peace, these were their practises on earth, and here in hell
(Saue that their Soules haue neuer peace) we finde them as they fell.
They worke to me, each of these fiue, though daylie coumpt I aske,
Doe newly number Million Soules, whose torments is their taske.
The Quéene of Such, not free of feare, replyed thus agayne,
And yet, me thinkes, that Pluto should haue pittie on their payne.
He lowers: and Feast with Fray had ende, and drinke did euery Soule
Of Lethe: who, their ioyes forgot, euen yet in torments houle:
May Pluto must be Pluto still, and so I will (quoth he,)
For this same onely day the Gosts indebted are to thée:
For as the like shall neuer come, so neuer like befell,
But henceforth all, yea Prince, and Pope, shall euer finde it hell:
So dreamed one: but ouer-long fantazies I dwell.

CHAP. XIX.

THe Cosen of great Constantyne in Rome and here succéedes:
Betwixt the Brutes, the Scottes, and Pichtes, continuall trouble breédes:
And long the reg'ment of this Land the Romaines did inioye,
Transmitting Captaines euermore as Foes did here anoye.

But Rome it selfe declined now, and Brutaine was opprést,
No longer were the Scottish Spoyles by Romaine swordes redrest.
Then ends the Tribute, then began newe troubles, worser farre
Then Tribute: for the Scottes and Pichtes inferre consuming warre.
The Brutons, vnder Rome secure, as men that did relye
On others, were disabled now by Martiall meanes to trye
The fame of fight: but Captaineles, confusedly they deale,
And giue a wretched instant of an headles Common-weale:
And whom so many Romaine Péeres, Grand-Captaines of such mighe,

Of whom Nine Emperours themselues, in persons here did sight,
Could hardly foyle, were fronted now euen of a barbrous Foe:
And at the poynt (a wondrous chaunge) their Countrie to forgoe.
Such fruite hath ease, such pollicie did serue the Romaines turne,
Who, wayning Martiall mynds, themselues the quietler here sojurne.
The Brutons thus dispoy'd of Armes, and courage in effect,
Of Prince, of Captaines, and aduise, their busines to direct,
Dispatch their Legate to the Land Dominatiue in name
To Brutaine: where the Legate thus his Ambassie did frame:
The back-slide of our helples friends, the down-fall of our state,
Our lacke of Prince, of people, and our wealth not now as late,
The sauage dealing of our Foes, consuming ours and vs,
Is cause (right mightie King) that we approach thy present thus.
Not for we are in blod allyed, or that whilst Fortune smil'd
Your Auncestors had rule from vs, not for the Dames defil'd
At Cullin, who withstanding lust for it did lose their liues,
That els to Conon and his Knights had liued noble wiues,
We are imboldned in our suite: though all of these might moue:
But for our former Wants, O King, and for thyne owne behoue,
Great Brutaine doth submit it selfe thy Subiect (if thou please.)
Or els dispose it at thy will: prouided we haue ease
Against such foes, as would not saue our liues to haue our Land:
Whom to conclude (except thou helpe) we neuer may withstand.
The King Aldroen pittying much the Cause of his Allies,
Arm'd thence his brother Constantine, a Captaine stout and wise.
He chacing hence the Scottes and Pichtes, with glorie wore the Crowne,
And through his vertue stayed vp a Kingdome sinking downe.

WIthin a while did Vortiger the Duke of Cornwalle rayne,
When Constans sonne of Constantine he traytrously had slayne.
The Scottes did ruffle then a-new, nor did the King affye
In Brutons, for they hated him, and reason had they why:
And Saxon Flætes from Germanie in Armor here ariue,
Through whose support, ỳ King in warres against the Scottes did thriue.

The

The Foe by Hengeſt foyled thus, he and his Brother gat
The chiefeſt credit with the King, but fewe gainſaying it,
Neceſſitie of Soldiours here ſo well for them did fit.
And Hengeſts Daughter intertayn'd King Vortiger ſo well,
That to miſliking of his wife, and liking her he fell:
And ſotted thus in forren loue, did wed the Saxon Wench:
Which wrought vnto the Saxons weale, but to the Brutes offence.
For whatſoere the Quéene did aſke, the King would not denye,
Untill his Subiects rann to Armes, and made the Saxons flye:
And, putting downe the Father, then did ſet vp Vortimer,
Who, poyſoned by his Stepdame, they reſtored Vortiger:
With this condition, that he ſhould no Saxons intertayne.
But Hengeſt hearing from the Quéene that Vortimer was ſlayne,
And Vortiger his Sonne-in-lawe re-kinged did reſayle
With Saxon forces: though with fraude, not force, he did preuayle.
For thus by pollicie he did the Brutons circumuent:
He craued Parlie, as a man that were to quietnes bent:
The place appoynted, Parlants him in ſimple meaning meet
Farre from their Armie all vnarm'd, whom Saxon Traytors greet
With deadly wounds, by hidden kniues, and held the King with them:
Confounding ſo the Britiſh Oſte. Nor ceaſe they to contemne
Both Chriſtian rightes, and ciuell Rule, ſubuerting either twaine:
And what they would of Vortiger through fearfull threats they gaine.
And plant themſelues in Southfolke, Kent, and elſwhere at their will:
And ruſhing runne throughout the Land oppreſſing Brutons ſtill.
The King and Brutons flead to Wales, and Feend-got Marlyn theare
Bewrayed more, then I beléeue, or credit ſeemes to beare:
As ſhewing how the Caſtell worke rear'd dayly, fell by night
By ſhaking of two Dragons great that vnderneath it fight,
With other wonders, tedious, if not trothles, to reſight.

Aurelius Ambroſe, brother to King Conſtans anoynted late,
From either Bruton hauing ayde, wonne to the Kingly ſtate:
And, ere that Hengeſt or his ſonne ſtout Octa he ſubdew'd,
Firſt to reuenge his Brothers death he Vortiger purſew'd.

In

In vaine the Welsh wild Mountaines fence the flyer from his Foe,
Or Gerneth Castell, when as flames throughout the buildings goe:
In midst whereof the wretched King did end his daies in woe.

The Brutons thus had peace a-while, till Vortigerus Sonne,
And Guillamour the Irish King, in newe Conflicts begonne:
Whom, whil'st that Vter valiantly in Wales to wracke did bring,
His brother Ambrose did decease, and Vter then was King.
What Vter did by Marlyns Arte, in compassing his will
Upon the Wife of Garolus, transfigured by skill
Into the likenes of her Lord, on whom he got a sonne
Renowmed Arthur: or to name the Acts by Vter donne,
Were much and needles: onely note he was a valiant Prince,
But such as was his noble Sonne, was not before or since.
Yet blazing Arthur, as haue some, I might be ouer-seene:
He was Victorious, making one amongst the Worthiest meene.
But (with his pardon) if I vouch his world of Kingdomes wonne,
I am no Poet, and for lacke of pardone were vndone.
His Scottish, Irish, Almaine, French, and Saxone Battelles got,
Yeld fame sufficient: these seeme true, the rest I credite not.
But Brutone is my talke, and to my talke I will retier:
Twelue tymes the Saxone Princes here against him did conspier,
And Arthur in twelue Battelles great went Vanquishor away:
Howbeit Saxone forces still amongst the Brutons stay.
This King to intertaine discourse, and so to vnderstand,
What Accedents in after-tymes should happen in this Land,
He with the Brittish Prophet then of Sequelles fell in hand.
Of Syr long after Kings the man, not borne of humaine seede,
Did Prophesie, and many things, that came to passe in deede.
Now Arthur, chiefe of Cheualrie, had set his Crowne at stay,
And to his Nephewe Mordred did commit thereof the sway,
When with his Knights, the wonder of the world for Martiall deedes,
Beyond the Seas in forren fights he luckely procedes:
Till faithlesse Mordred calde him backe that forward goes with fame,
For at his Uncles Dyademe he traytrously did ame.
Twise Arthur wonne of him the field, and thirdly slewe his Foe,

When

ALBIONS ENGLAND,

When deadly wounded, he himselfe victorious dyed soe.

INterred then with publique playnts, and issules, ensewes
A drouping of the Brittish state: the Saxon still subdewes,
Howbeit worthie Kings succéeded: but Destinie withslood
The aunciant Scepter to inure in Bruts succéeding blood.
Unlou'd Careticus was he that lost the Goale at length:
Whenceforth, in vayne, to winne their losse ẏ Brutons vse their strength.
Yea God, that as it pleaseth him, doth place or dispossesse,
When foes, nor foyles, nor any force, their courage might suppresse,
Séem'd partiall in the Saxon Cause, and with a Plague did crosse
The Brutons, that had els, at least, rebated from their losse:
For Cadwane, and Cadwallyne, and Cadwallader, the last
But not the least, for valarous, of Brittish Princes past,
Brought out of Wales such knightly Warres as made their foes agast.
The Plague (worse spoyler then ẏ Warres) left Cambre almost waste,
Which to auoyde, the remnant Brutes into their Shippes did haste.
Cadwallader, in leauing thus his natiue Shore he fixt
His eyes from whence his bodie should, and with his sighes he mixt
His royall teares, which giuing place, he speaketh thus betwixt.
Swéete Brutaine (for I yet must vse that sweete, and ceasing name)
Adewe, thy King bids thee adewe, whose flight no weapons frame:
But God cōmaunds, his Wroth cōmaunds, all counter-maund is vaine,
Els, for thy loue, to dye in thée were life to thy Remaine.
Thus tymes haue turnes, thus Fortune still is flying to and fro:
What was not, is: what is, shall cease: some come, and others goe:
So, Brutaine, thou of Nation and of name endewrest chaunge,
Now balking vs whom thou hast bread, and brooking people straunge.
Yet (if I shoote not past myne aime) a world of tyme from me,
Parte of our blood, in highest pompe, shall Englands glorie be:
And chiefly, when vnto a First succeedes a second She.
But, leauing spéeches ominous: Cadwallader is woe,
That seeing death determines griefe, he dyes not on his foe.
Ah, Fortune faileth mightie Ones, and meaner doth aduaunce:
The mightest Empier Rome hath chaunge, then Brutaine brooke thy (chaunce:
Let it suffice thou wert before, and after Rome in fame:

And to indure what God intends were sinne to coumpt a shame.
Nor vaunt, ye Saxons, of our flight: but if ye néedes will vaunt,
Then vaunt of this, that God displac'd whom you could neuer daunt.
This said, ỹ teares contrould his tongue, & sayles wrought land frõ sight:
When (saue a Remnant small) the Isle was rid of Brutons quight.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE
OF ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XX.

THE Brutons thus departed hence, Seauen
Kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuerſly in diuers broyles the Saxons
loſt and wonne.
King Edell and King Adelbright in Diria
ioyntly rayne:
In loyall concorde during life theſe Kingly
friends remayne.
When Adelbright ſhould leaue his life, to E-
dell thus he ſaies:
By thoſe ſame bonds of happie loue, that held vs friends alwaies,
By our by-parted Crowne, of which the Moyetie is myne,
By God, to whom my Soule muſt paſſe, and ſo in tyme may thyne,
I pray thée, nay I Coniure thée, to nouriſh as thyne owne
Thy Néece my Daughter Argentile, till ſhe to age be growne,
And then, as thou receiueſt it, reſigne to her my Throne.
A promiſe had for this Bequeſt, the Teſtator he dyes:
But all that Edell vndertoke, he afterward denyes.
Yet well he foſters for a tyme the Damſell that was growne
The fayreſt Lady vnder heauen: whoſe beautie being knowne,
A many Princes ſeeke her loue, but none might her obtaine:
For grippell Edell to himſelfe her Kingdome ſought to gaine,
And for that cauſe, from ſight of ſuch he did his Ward reſtraine.
By chaunce one Curan, ſonne vnto a Prince in Danske did ſée
The Mayde, with whom he fell in loue as much as one might bée.
Vnhappie Youth, what ſhould he doe? his Sainct was kept in Mewe,
Nor he, nor any Noble-man admitted to her vewe.
One while in Malancholy fits he pynes himſelfe away,
Anon he thought by force of Armes to winne her if he may,

And still against the Kings restraint did secretly inuay.
At length the high Controller Loue, whom none may disobay,
Imbased him from Lordlynes, vnto a Kitchin Drudge:
That so at least of life or death she might become his Judge.
Accesse so had to see, and speake, he did his loue bewray
And telles his hearth: her answer was she hir bandles would stay.
Meane while the King did beate his braines his bootie to achiue,
Not caring what became of her, so he by her might thriue:
At last his resolution was some Peasant should her wiue.
And (which was working to his wish) he did obserue with ioye
How Curan, whom he thought a Drudge, scapt many an amorous toye.
The King, perceiuing such his payne, pramotes his Vassall still,
Least that the baceneſſe of the man should let perhaps his will.
Assured therefore of his loue, but not suspecting who
The Louer was, the King himselfe in his behalfe did owe.
The Lady, resolute from loue, vnkindly takes that hée
Should barre the Noble, and vnto so base a Match agrée:
And therefore, shifting out of doores, departed thence by stealth,
Preferring pouertie before a daungerous life in wealth.
When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish in his harte
Was more then much, and after her from Court he did departe:
Forgetfull of himselfe, his hearth, his Countrie, friends, and all,
And onely minding (whom he mist) the Foundresse of his thrall.
Nor meanes he after to frequent or Court, or stately Townes,
But sollitarilie to liue, amongst the Countrie grownes.
A brace of yeres he liued thus, well pleased so to liue,
And Shepheard-like to fede a Flocke, himselfe did wholly giue.
So walking loue, by worke, and want, grewe almost to the Waene:
But then began a second Loue, the worser of the twaene,
A Countrie wench, a Neatheards Mayd, where Curan kept his Sheepe
Did fede her Drowse: and now on her was all the Shepheards keepe.
He borrowed, on the working daies, his holly Russets oft:
And of the Bacons fat, to make his Startups blacke and soft:
And least his Tarbor should offend he left it at the Folde:
Sweete Growte, & Whigge, his Bottle had as much as it might holde:
A Shéeue of bread as browne as Nut, and Cheese as white as Snowe,

And

And Wyldings, or the Seasons fruite, he did in Skrippe bestowe:
And whilst his py-bald Curre did sleepe, and Sherp-hooke lay him by,
On hollowe Quilles of oten Strawe he pyped melodie.
But when he spyed her his Sainct, he wipte his greasie Shoes,
And clear'd the driuell from his beard, and thus the Shepheard owes.
I haue, sweete Wench, a peece of Cheese as good as toth may chawe:
And bread, and Wyldings, souling well: and therewithall did drawe
His Lardrie: and in eating, see pon Crumpled Ewe (quoth hee)
Did twinne this fall, and twinne should'st thou if I might tupp with thee.
Thou art to eluish, faith thou art to eluish, and to coye:
Am I, I pray thee, beggerlie that such a Flocke enioye:
I wis I am not: yet that thou doest hold me in disdaine
Is brimme abroade, and made a gibe to all that keepe this Plaine.
There be as quaint (at least that thinke themselues as quaint) that craue
The Match, which thou (I wot not why) mayst, but mislik'st to haue.
How wouldst thou match: (for well I wot, thou art a female) I,
I knowe not her that willingly with Mayden-head would dye.
The Plowmans labour hath no end, and he a Churle will proue:
The Craftsman hath more worke in hand, then fitteth vnto loue:
The Marchant traffaquing abroade, suspects his wife at home:
A Youth will play the Wanton, and an old-man proue a Nome:
Then chose a Shepheard. With the Sunne he doth his Flocke vnfold,
And all the day on Hill or Plaine he merrie chat can hold:
And with the Sunne doth folde againe, then iogging home betyme,
He turnes a Crabb, or tunes a Rounde, or sings some merrie tyme:
Nor lackes he gleefull tales to tell, whilst that the Bole doth trot:
And sitteth singing care-away, till he to bed hath got:
There sleepes he soundly all the night, forgetting Sorrowe cares,
Nor feares he blasting of his Corne, or otring of his wheres,
Or stormes by Seas, or stores on Land, or cracke of credit lost,
Not spending franklier then his flocke shall still defray the cost.
Well wot I, saith they say, that say: more quiet nights and daies
The Shepheard sleepes and wakes then he whose Cattell he doth graize.
Beleeue me Lasse, a King is but a man, and so am I:
Content is worth a Monarchie, and mischiefes hit the hye.

As late it did a King and his, not dying farre from hence:
Who left a Daughter, (saue thy selfe) for faier, a matchles wench:
(Here did he pause, as if his tongue had made his harte offence.)
The Meatresse longing for the rest, did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was. She bore (quoth he) the bell
For beautie: though I clownish am, I know what beautie is,
Or did I not, yet seeing thee, I senceles were to mis.
Suppose her beautie Hellens-like, or Hellens somewhat lesse,
And euery Starre consorting to a puer complection gesse.
Her Stature comely tall, her gate well graced, and her wit
To maruell at, not meddell with, as matchles I omit.
A Globe-like head, a gold-like haier, a Forehead smoth and hye,
An euen Nose, on either side stode out a grailly Eye:
Two rosie Cheekes, round ruddie Lippes, white iust set Teeth within,
A Mouth in meane, and vnderneath a round and dimpled Chin.
Her snowish Necke, with blewish Vaynes, stod bolt vpright vpon
Her portly Shoulders: beating Balles, her vayned Breastes, anon
Add more to beautie: wand-like was her Middell, falling still,
And rising whereas women rise: but ouerskip I will,
What Males in females ouerskip, ymagin nothing ill.
And more, her long and limber Armes, had white and azure Wristes:
And slender Fingers aunswer to her smoth and lillie Fistes.
A Legge in print, and prettie Foote: coniecture of the rest,
For amorous Eyes, obseruing forme, thinke parts obscured best.
With these (oh thing deuine) with these, her Tongue of speech was spaer:
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake the Ball from Ide to baer.
With Pallas Iuno, and with both her selfe contends in face:
Where equall mixture did not want of milde and stately grace.
Her simples were sober, and her lokes were chearfull vnto all:
And such as neither wanton seeme, nor waward, mell, nor gall.
A quiet minde, a patient mode, and not disdayning any:
Not gybing, gadding, gawdie, and her faculties were many.
A Nimph, no tung, no harte, no Eye, might praise, might wish, might see,
For Life, for Loue, for Forme, more good, more worth, more layre, then (ther:
Yea such an one, as such was none, saue only she was such:
Of Argentile to say the most, were to be seylent much.

I knewe the Lady very well, but worthles of such praes,
The Neatresse sayd: and muse I doe, a Shepheard thus should blaze
The Cote of Beautie. Credit me, thy latter speach bewraies
Thy clownish shape, a coyned shewe. But wherefore doest thou weepe?
(The Shepheard wept, and she was woe, and both did scylence keepe.)
In troth, quoth he, I am not such as seeming I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee, I from my selfe digresse.
Her loued I, (wretch that I am, a Recreant to bee)
I loued her, that hated loue: but now I dye for thee.
At Kirkland is my Fathers Court, and Curan is my name,
In Edels Court sometymes in pompe, till Loue contrould the same:
But now. What now? deare hart how now? what aylest thou to weepe?
(The Damsell wept, and he was woe, and both did scylence keepe.)
I graunt, quoth she, it was too much, that you did loue so much:
But whom your former could not moue, your second loue doth touch.
Thy twise beloued Argentile, submitteth her to thee:
And for thy double loue presents her selfe a single fee:
In passion, not in person chaung'd, and I thy Lord am shee.
They sweetly surfeting in ioye, and scylent for a space,
When as the Extasie had end, did tenderly imbrace:
And for their Wedding, and their wish, got fitting tyme and place.
Nat England (for of Hengest then was named so this Land)
Then Curan had an hardier Knight, his force could none withstand:
Whose Sheep-hooke layd a parte, he then had higher things in hand.
First, making knowne his lawfull claime in Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria: and he wonne Brenitia too in fight:
And so from trecherous Edell tooke at once his life and Crowne,
And of Northumberland was King: long raigning in renowne.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXI.

THe Saxons that, in these Discēts, deriue from Gods, and men,
Ioue, Minos, Geta, Flokwald, Flyn, Fredwolfe, Fraloffe, Woden,
Each as I name them others Sonne, not only Conquer here,
But with their wandring Armies spoyle the World through-out welnere.
The English Saxon Kings oppresse the mightier ones the weake:
Each trifeling cause suffising here, their loue and leagues to breake.
One seazeth of his Neighbours Realme, and is disseazd ere-long:
For Empier some, for Ennie some, and some to right their wrong
Contend vnto their common losse, and some like like Monsters rayne:
As Sigbert, who for tyrannie did banishment sustayne.
He wandred vnbewayled long, a man whom men exempt
From house, and helpe, pursewing him with cappitall contempt.
Forlorne therefore, with drouping limbes, and dropping eyes, in vaine,
He friendles walkes the fruitles Woods, and foodles did complaine.
A Swinheard meeting him by chaunce, and pittying his estate,
Imploy'd this Westerne King, vnknowne, on his affayres to wate.
Nor did the needie King disdaine such roome, for such reliefe:
An Under-Swinheardship did serue, he sought not to be chiefe.
But when by speach, and circumstaunce, his Maister vnderstood
His Seruant was the sometymes King: blood cryes (quoth he) for blood:
My giltles Maister in thy pompe, thou Tyrant diddest slay:
Nor, vnreuenged of his death, thou shalt escape away.
With that he tooke a Libbat vp, and beateth out his braines:
And dead (so odious Tyrants be) not one for him complaines.

NOt all so ill, yet cause of worse vnto the English state
Was Osbret of Northumberland: his loue did winne him hate.
Enamored on Lord Buerns wife, as tyred in the Chace,
He left the Hounds, and with a fewe dismounts at Buerns Place.
Her Husband absent, hartely his Lady intertaynes

The

The King, and feastes him royally, not sparing costs or paynes.
But he that feed on Fansies foode, and hungred whil'st he eates,
Thought Venus sparer in her Loues, then Ceres in her Meates.
The Trayne and table voyded, then he taking her a-parte,
Directs her by his tongue and teares, vnto his louing harte.
Delay, he sayeth, breedeth doubts, but sharpe denyall death:
Or doe not long surcharge my blisse, or soone discharge my breath:
For if my prayers add no edge vnto thy begged doome,
The Vintage of my thistles loue is blasted in the blome.
Be fauour able to my fier: for thy sweet sake, be bold,
I durst attempt euen Hell (if hell so sweet a thing might hold.)
Well, thinke her coye, or thinke her chaste, my Censure I suspend:
Most women yeeld not at the first, yet yeeld they in the end.
She gaue repulses to his lust, and he Replies of Loue:
Not all the Wrights Diana had, might Cupids Plaint remoue.
She countermaunding his demaund, he ceased Courting now,
And did with her by vyolence, what vertues disalowe.
And then departed, leauing her in selfe-conceit disgraste:
More trespassed then some would thinke, and yet perhaps as chaste.

Home came her Lord, whose Browes had buds, and found his wife in teares:
And (foolish thing) she told a troth: for which reuenge he sweares.
But so the Man did proue a Beast, he better might haue hid it,
Some such are mistically donne, yet dombly doe forbid it:
His wifes Escapes done secretly if by the man detected,
Shewes hilled būpes (supposed būpes) mere hornes, not hornes suspected.
At Denmarke in his Cosens Court, he telleth of his wrong:
And gaines against his soueraigne Lord, of Danes an Armie strong.
Hungar, and Hubba, and himself, Conductors of this Oste,
Did with their forren Forces land, and spoyle the Northerne Coste.
The vicious valiant Osbret, that had vanquished ere then
The King and Kingdome of the Scottes, though wanting Armes & men,
Thought skorne his Foes should beard him so, & barre him vp in walles,
And therefore issuing out of Yorke, vpon the Danes he falles.
A bloodie Bargane then begonne, no fight might fearcer bee,
And of the Danish parte were slayne for euery English three.
But manhood lost, and number wonne, the Danes they got the feelde:

And Osbret dyed valiantly, that not to liue would yeelde.

MEaue while the Danes with fresh Supplies ariue at euery Shore,
And warre almost in euery Shire, infesting England sore.
With whom couragious Etheldred contended long in vayne,
By them was he, King Ella, and the holly Edmond slayne.
Nothing was done, but all vndone, till King Alured hee
In daunger of his royall selfe did set his Subiects free:
For euery day, in euery place, the Danes did so increase,
That he nor any English King enioye one day of peace.
Nor mightier men at Armes then they, might any where be found:
Who in their diuers Warres els-where, did diuers Realmes confound:
For as the Gothes, the Vandales, Hunnes, and Saxons earst did range,
So now the Danes did plague the world, as sent by interchange.
This Westerne and victorious King, and greatest Monarke here,
Perceiuing of this spoyled Isle a toward Rewen nere,
Disguised like a Minstrell poore, did haunt the Danish Tentes,
And with his feates and melodie the Enemie presents:
And of their sloth, their gluttonie, and Councels priuie so,
He toke aduantage, giuing them a sudden ouerthroe.
And slayeth Hubba, Hungar, and the Cause of their repaer,
And putteth all to Sword and Seas, that vnbaptised waer.
Yet to Northumberland return'd fearce Gurmond with the Danes,
Meane tyme did King Alured dye, the Hatchet of their Tranes.
But Adelstane (one King betwixt) not only clear'd the Land
Of Danes, but of all England had sole Empier in his hand.
Thus of this long dismembred Realme was he the only King:
In which, till Egelred his raigne, did prosper euery thing.
He raigning, much of England then the Lordly Danes did hold,
Exacting Tributes euery yeare, and selling Peace for Gold.
And (which no doubt did hatch those Plagues) the King a wicked one,
Did enter by his Brothers blood, extorting thus his Throne:

KIng Edgar that subdew'd the Scottes, and slaughtered the Danes,
And of the Welsh had Tribute Wolffes, of whom it more remaines
That, as it were in Triumph-wise, Eight Under-kings did roe

Him,

Him, Sterns-man, on the Riuer Dee, with diuers honors moe,
This Edgar by a former wife had Edward, by an other
This Egelred, a Sonne vnto a kinde and cruell Mother:
For as she labors to preferre her owne by well and ill,
So to destroy her Sonne-in-law she wanted meanes, not will.
And meanes did hit. King Edward hunts, and hunting lost his Trayne,
Whom Man-les at her Castell Corfe the Quéene did intertayne.
He hauing seene to whom he came in curtesie to see,
Made haste away in Quest of them that still a Hunting bee:
And mounted, when he should departe to him his Stepdame drinkes,
Whom pledging, him an Hierling stab'd, and lifeles downe he sinkes.
Thus Egelred obtaynd the Crowne, but for his crowning so
His Subiects grudge, and he became the Preface to their woe.
For when this proude and vicious King, was neither lou'd of his,
Nor liued safely for the Danes, his secret Edict is,
That suddenly, in one selse hower, throughout the Land should passe
A common slaughter of the Danes, which so performed was:
And Welwyn, called Wealth-wyn then for promptnes in that charge,
Beginning, other Townes as it themselues from Danes inlarge.

CHAP. XXI.

THis common Massacre of Danes, was common mirth to all
The English, whom they did oppresse with slauories not small.
Compelling men by greeuous Draught as Beastes to plough their Land,
Of whom the English as of Gods, or Feends, in terror stand.
The Husband durst not vse his Wife, if liked of a Dane,
Nor House, nor Goods, nor aught he had, for who resistes was slane.
That prankes and feedeth daintely, this pynes and fareth ill,
And of his Sweat that hath the sweete, and is imperious still.
Each house maintayned such a Dane, that so they might preuent
Conspiracies, if any were, and grope how mynds were bent:

Lord Dane the same was called then, to them a pleasing name,
Now odiously Lur-dane say we, when ydell Mates we blame.
When Swayne the Dacian King did heare his Danes were murdred so,
With bitter vowes, he shipt his men for Englands ouerthroe:
And landing, spaerd no Shrine, nor Saint, nor Ser, nor any State,
Not wanting Ayders English-men, that held their King in hate:
Especially false Edricus the Admirall deceiues
His King, and Countrie oftentymes, and Bribes of Swayne receiues:
And Egelred his cowardisse incouraged the Foe,
Till Swayne at length, by Masses great, was bribed hence to goe.
But, making short returne, the Peeres of England that disdayne
Th'indignities of such a King, that did feebly rayne,
Submit them Subiects vnto Swayne: and Egelred did flye
Vnto the father of his Queene, the Duke of Normandie:
And Swayne, possessed of the Land, did shortly after dye.
His sonne Canutus present here, had Seazen of the Crowne,
Till Egelred, returning backe, by Armor puts him downe.
Who scarcely giueth breathing tyme, but that he backe resayles
From Denmarke, and by force, by friends, and Fortune here preuayles:
For in this Warre King Egelred did sicken, and decease:
And then the broyles (Canutus King) did for a tyme decrease,
Till Edmund, sonne of Egelred, did interrupt that peace.

COnferring Armes to Edmunds age, when Egelred did lye
On Death-bed, to his Sonne he sayd: not quite forlorne am I,
Whose life hath had so much of greefe, thus graciously to dye.
And more, thy vertues glad my death, yet two things greeue among,
To leaue my Kingdome thus in Warres, and thee for Warres so yong.
So may these troubles waer to none, as thou doest war I pray,
And so possesse thy fathers Seate, that all appyone thy Sway.
Not to be made a King (my Sonne) is so to make thee proude,
For mildnes suteth Maiestie, high mynds are disaloude.
See me thy father now a King, and by and by but earth,
Nor thinke that euery King hath happ to dye a happie death.

Let

Let Nature for perfection mold a Paragon each way,
Yet Death at least, on finest lumpes of liuing flesh will pray:
For Nature neuer framed it, that neuer shall decay.
The brauest are as Blossomes, and the longest Liuer dyes,
And dead, the loueliest Creature as the lothsomst Carrion lyes.
Then thinke not but that Kings are men, and as the rest miscarrie,
Saue that their fame or infamie continually doth tarrie.
Déeme past Examples Sentences, and (which did fayle in me)
Make vse of those not now in vse, for now will cease to be.
Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioyne Fortune to thy will:
Least Phæbus Chaire doe els surcharge rash Phaeton his skill.
If Fortune helpe whom thou would'st hurt, freat not at it the more:
When Aiax stormed, then from him the Prize Vlisses bore.
Trye friends by Touch, a feeble friend may proue thy strongest Foe:
Great Pompeis head to Cæsars hand it was betrayed so.
Admit thou hadst Pactolian waues, to land thée Gold at will,
Knowe, Cræsus did to Cyrus kneele, and thou maist speede as ill.
Abandon lust, if not for sinne, yet to auoyde the shame:
So Hoggs of Ithacus his men the Latian Witch did frame.
Be not to modie in thy wrath, but pause though Fist be bent:
Oft Phillips Soune did rashly strike, and leisurly repent.
Content thée with vnthreatned Meane, and play not Æsops Dogg:
The Gold that gentell Bacchus gaue, was greédie Midas Clogg.
Be valiant, not to venterous, but fight to fight againe:
Euen Hercules did hold it ods, for one to striue with twaine.
Be not ambitiously a King, nor grudgingly decline:
Dne God did rote out Cis his stocke, and raise vp Iesses line.
Jest not with edge toles, suffer Saincts, let mightie Fooles be mad:
Note, Seneca by Neros dome, for Precepts pennance had.
Haue care to whom, of whom, and what to speake, though spéech be trew:
That Misse made Phæbus contrary his Rauens Swan-like hew.
He frameth torments to himselfe, that feedes a Tyrants vayne:
Perillus was by Phalaris adiudg'd to selfe-taught payne.
Praise not the beautie of thy wife, though she of forme be sped:
For Gyges, moued so, did graft on Candaules his head.
Shunne Jelosie that hart-breake Loue, if Cat will goe to kinde:

Be ſure that Io hath a meane that Argus ſhalbe blinde.
Commit not Treaſure with thy Childe to greedie mynded men:
Thou leaueſt Polydor a Spoyle, to Polymneſtor then.
Occurrants giue occaſions ſtill of like, in which be ſure
To ſerue thy God, to ſaue thy ſelfe, and well to all procure.
Be vertuous, and aſſure thy ſelfe thou canſt not then but thriue:
In only Vertue is it ſayd that men themſelues ſuruiue.
As for the vicious, ſuch they are as is the heedleſſe Flye,
That killes it ſelfe, and hurts his ſight, that hath her in his Eye.
Farewell my Sonne: England farewell, thy neuer happie Prince
Doth take his leaue, an happie leaue, if taken ſo long ſince.
And, Edmund (burying not with me thy vertues, nor my ſpeech)
I bleſſe thee in his bleſſed name whom I of bleſſe beſeech,
Sayd Egelred: and ſhortly gaue a quiet gaſpe or twayne,
And being dead, his noble Sonne ſucceeded him in Rayne.

This like himſelfe, euen knightlike and an Engliſh-man in deede,
Did quicken Englands quayling Prowes, and Mars-like did proceed.
A brauer Captaine then was he not any Band might haue:
And yet a Mars did match this Mars, Canutus was as braue.
Theſe Wonders of that age for Armes, and Dirij of thoſe daies,
Did often battell, equally to eithers loſſe and praies.
Now after many bloodie Fieldes, when none might eſtimate
The better or the worſer parte, a Knight that ſawe the ſtate
Then preſent, and by likelihoodes preſaged what might fall,
Sayd (hearing it the diffring Kings and Soldiours almoſt all:)
We euer warre, and neuer winne, Edmund hath Fortitude,
Canutus Fortune, neither thus of other is ſubdude.
Death feares not vs, nor for their liues our Contraries doe crare:
It followes then, that all muſt dye, where all ſo deſpret are.
If all be ſlayne, then who ſhall ſerue our Princes that ſuruiue:
Or fence out Forrens: better one, then none of both ſhould thriue.
To thriue therefore, were not a-miſſe, that ſeeing one of twayne
Will Owner all, that only they the quarrell doe maintayne.
Or if Combattanſie not pleaſe, the Land is rich and large,
And they Coperciners may liue, and vs of death diſcharge.

If Combate nor Partition be, then will this Warre reuiue,
Till one, suruiuing all of vs, wants one with whom to striue.
This sayd, the Kings did marke and make a profite of the same,
And did conclude by Combate to lose or winne the Game.
Within a little Iland nere, round which the Armies stand,
The Kingly Champions trye their force, by fighting hand to hand.
They spurre their Horses, breake their Speares, and beate at Barriars long,
And then, dismounting, did renewe a Battell braue and strong.
Whilst either King thus Martially defends, and did offend,
They breathing, King Canutus sayd: we both I see shall end,
Ere Empier shall begin to one: then be it at thy choyce,
To fight, or parte. With it their Knights crye out with common voyce,
Deuide most valiant Kings deuide, enough ye haue of fight:
And so the Champions did imbrace, forgetting Warlice quight.
Partition equally was made betwixt these Princes twaine,
And brother-like they liue and loue: till by a deuilish traine,
Earle Edricus, a Traytor to the Father and the Sonne,
Did murther Edmund: and his head (supposing to haue wonne
The fauour of Canutus so) presenting sayd (O King)
For loue of thee I thus haue done. Amazed at the thing,
Canutus sayd, and for that thou hast headded him for mee,
Thy head aboue all English heads exalted it shall bee:
The Earle was headded, and his head poolde vp for all to see.
Of England, Danske, and Norway, then Canut was perfect Lord,
And in his triple Regment all with vertue did accord.
Harolde, and Hardi-knought his Sonnes, each did succeede:
Of either which small certen Fame of well or ill we reede,
Saue, by their Raynes, to English-men did greeuous thraldome breed:
But after Hardi-knought his death, the Danes were chased hence,
Not intermedling with the State of England euer sence.

CHAP.

ALBIONS ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXII.

F foresayd Egelred his Sonnes, Alured, and his brother,
Was Edward King: (for Goodwyns gile had made away that other.)
Religious, chaste, wise, fortunate, stout, franke, and milde, was he:
And from all Tares, wrongs, and Foes, did set his Kingdome free.
By ouer-ruling of his Lords, intreating long the same,
Least, dying Issules, he leaue succession out of frame,
He tooke to Quéene a Damsell faire: howbeit, by consent,
In vowes of secret chastitie their louing liues they spent.
The Father of this Mayden-wife in sitting by the King,
And seeing one that stumbled, but not falling, by did spying,
He laughing sayd, the brother there the brother well hath eas'd,
(His meaning was the Stumblers Feere.) And, hadest thou so pleas'd,
So had my Brother, quoth the King, bin easing vnto me.
The traytrous Earle tooke head and sayd, so this digested be
As I am giltles of his death: these words he scarcely spoke,
But that in presence of the King the bread did Goodwyn choke.
Harolde his sonne, by Hardi-knoghts late daughter him suruiues,
He, crossed by contrary windes, in Normandie ariues.
There Goodwyns Sonne did take an oth, Duke William vrging so,
To keepe vnto the Duke his vse, when Edward hence should goe,
The Crowne of England: clayming by Adoption, and by blood,
But Harolde, after Edwards Death, not to his promise stood.
And for he was in wealth, in friends, in blood, and Armor strong,
And title had his Mothers right, he forced not the wrong:
But arming him against the Duke, so vrged vnto wroth,
Did seaze the Crowne vnto himselfe, contrary to his Oth.
Whil'st William therfore works for Warre, King Harolde had not rest,
For Harolde Hare-foote King of Danes and Norwaies, much oppress
The English with his pulsant Bands. But Harolde him assayles,
And, after fearce and doubtfull fight, most valiantly preuayles:

And

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And with the Norgayne Prince he slewe his people almost all:
When, for deuision of the Spoyle, did much contention fall
Betwixt the King and English-men: and many a noble Knight
Not only murmor and malinge, but did forsake him quight.
Such mallice growing, William with his Normanes taking land,
Found hot-spurr Harolde prest in Armes, his pusance to withstand:
And either Battell Marshalled as either Captaine wild,
The King of England eagerly the Normane Dste behild,
And with his chearfull speeches thus his men with courage fild.
See (valiant Warr-friends) yonder be the first, the last, and all
The Agents of our Enemies: they henceforth cannot call
Supplies: for weedes at Normandie by this in Porches grow:
Then Conquer these would Conquer you, and dread no further Foe.
They are not stouter then the Brutes, whom we did hence exile:
Nor stronger then the sturdie Danes, our Victorie erwhile:
Not Saxonie could once contayne, or scarce the world beside
Our Fathers, who did sway by Sword where listed them to bide.
Then doe not ye degenerat, take courage by discent,
And by their Buryalles, not abode, their force and slight prevent.
Ye haue in hand your Countries cause, a Conquest they pretend,
Which (were ye not the same ye be) euen Cowards would defend.
I graunt that parte of vs are slead and linked to the Foe,
And glad I am our Armie is of Traytors cléered so:
Yea pardon hath he to departe, that stayeth Mal-content:
I prize the mynd aboue the man, like zeale hath like euent.
Yet troth it is, no well or ill this Iland euer had,
But through the ill or well Support of Subiects good or bad.
Not Cæsar, Hengest, Swayn, or now (which nertheles shall fayle)
The Normane Bastard (Albion true) did, could, or can preuayle.
But to be selfe-false in this Isle a selfe-Foe euer is,
Yet, wot I, neuer Traytor did his Treasons Stypend mis.
Shrinke who will shrinke, let Armors wayte prest downe the burdned (Earth,
My Foes with wondring eyes shall see I ouer-prize my death.
But since ye all (for all, I hope, a-like affected be,
Your Wiues, your Children, liues, and Land, from Seruitude to free)
Are armed both in shewe and zeale, then gloriously contend.

To winne and weare the home-brought Spoyles, of Victorie the end.
Let not the Skinners daughters Sonne possesse what he pretends,
He liues to dye a noble death that life for Freedome spends.
As Harolde hartned thus his men, so did the Normane his:
And, looking wishly on the Earth, Duke William speaketh this.
To liue vpon, or lye within, this is my Ground or Graue,
(My louing Souldiours) one of twaine your Duke resolues to haue.
Nor be ye Normanes now to seeke in what ye should be stout,
Ye come amidst the English Pykes to hewe your Honors out,
Ye come to winne the same by Launce, that is your owne by lawe,
Ye come, I say, in rytious Warre reuenging Swords to drawe.
Howbeit of more hardie Foes no passed Fight hath spead ye,
Since Rollo to your now Abode with Bands victorious lead ye,
Or Turchas, Sonne of Troyelus, in Scythian Fazo bread ye.
Then worthy your Progenitors ye Seede of Priams Sonne
Employt this businesse: Rollons doe that as ye wish be donne.
Three people haue as many tymes got and forgon this Shore,
It resteth now ye Conquer it, not to be Conquered more:
For Normane and the Saxon Blood conioyning, as it may,
From that consorted Seede the Crowne shall neuer passe away.
Before vs are our armed Foes, behinde vs are the Seas,
On either side the Foe hath Holds of succour, and for ease.
But that Aduantage shall returne their Disaduantage thus,
If ye obserue no Shore is left, the which may shelter vs,
And so hold out amidst the Rough, whil'st they hael in for Lee,
Whereas, whil'st men securely sayle, not seldome Shipwracks bee,
What should I cite your passed Acts, or tediously intence
To present Armes: your faces shewe your hearts conceiue offence:
Yea euen your Courages deuise a Conquest not to sayle:
Hope then your Duke doth Prophesie, and in that hope preuayle.
A People braue, a terren Heauen, both Obiects wroth your Warres
Shall be the Prizes of your Prow's, and mount your fame to Starres.
Let not a Traytors periur'd Sonne extrude vs from our right:
He dyes to leaue a famous life, that doth for Conquest fight.
By this the furious Batelles ioyne, a bloodie day to either,
And long they fight, the Victorie inclyning vnto neither:

At

ALBIONS ENGLAND,

At length the English had the ods, who keeping close aray,
Unto the Duchie Forces gaue no entrance any way.
Then fayning feare, and Martially retyring as opprest,
The English so became secure, and followe on dispersi.
To which aduantage, furiously the Normanes did returne,
And got a bloodie victorie. In vayne the English sporne
Amidst the Pykes against the pricke: King Harolde then was flayne:
From him began the Normanes sole, but soone conioyned rayne:
For second Henrie, Mawde her Sonne, freed Englands blood agayne.
Since whence (and euer may they so) that Of-spring ruled vs:
Of whose Coniunction in the Crowne, the Genalogue is thus:
King Edmund Irne side Issue had Edward the Out-law: he
Had Margret: Mawde by Mancholyn the King of Scottes had she:
Mawde to the Conqueror his Sonne first Henrie Mawde did beire:
This second Mawde, the Angeos wife, had second Henrie heire.

EDward, King Harolds Preregnant, of this same Change foretold,
Who present, and succeeding tymes thus dying did vnfold:
It is a World, to note (quoth he) the waies that men adoer,
And how Hippocrasie hath bred of God-like Deuilles stoer,
That speake to seeme, that seeme to shift, that shift to spoyle by gile,
That smooth, and sooth, and yet deceiue with Scriptum est meane while:
But let them heaue their hands to Heauen, they haue their hier in Hell,
That seeme deuoute to cloke deceipt, and say, but doe not well.
The Rich are retchles in their willes, their liking is for lawe:
The Poore repine, and Goods not theirs, by ydell Shiftings clawe.
The Lords and Landed ouer-rent, and cunningly the same
The Parrasite doth ouer-reach, and beares away the game.
One riseth by an others fall, and some doe clime so fast,
That in the Clowdes they doe forget what Clymates they haue past.
But Egell-winged mynds that flye to nestell in the Sunne,
Their loftie heads haue leaden heeles, and end where they begunne.
It is a common poynt on which the aged grosely ronne,
Once to haue dared, sayd, and seene, more then was euer donne.
The Youth are foolish-hardie, or lesse hardie then they ought,
Effeminate, phantasticall, in fewe, not fewe are nought.

At Cypris not the wanton Saint, nor yet her wylie Sonne,
Did want their Orgies: nor at Rome did Vesta lacke her Nonne:
The Lampsacens gaue Pryapus his filthie Rytes: and Creat
To Ioue his Bulles: and Cicilie to Ceres tythed Wheat:
The Thracians with their Bachinales did Lybers Temple fill:
And Italie did blood of Babes on Saturns Alters spill:
And fatall wreathes of Myrtell boughes were sacred vnto Dys:
In fewe, there was no Pagane God his Sacrafice did mys:
But English-men, nay Christian men, not only seeme prophayne,
But Man to Man, as Beast to Beast, holds cruell dueties vayne.
Yea Pulpits some, like Pedlers packes yeeld forth as men affect,
And what a Synod shall conclude a Sowter will correct.
The rude thus bolting Literature, one Sisme begets an other,
And grosely though a Sisme, yet hath each Sismatike his Mother.
Meane while the learned want their Meede, and none with profite heares
The tedious Doult, whose artles tongue doth preach to wearie Eares.
Here could I enter in a Feild of Matter more then much:
But gesse that all is out of frame, and long tyme hath bin such,
And what thalbe let tyme disclose. This only will I touch:
A Greene Tree cut from withered Stocke, deuided Furlongs three
From proper Roote, it shall reioyne, and after fruitfull bee:
Thus sayd the King. And thus doe some expound that Prophesie:
The Tree this Land, the Stocke and Roote the thralled English line:
King Harold, and the Williams twaine, the Furlongs some define:
Henrie the Normane that begot one Mawde his English Queene,
Mawde second Henries Mother, was the Trees Returne to greene.

KIng Stephen first, though not so firme, did in this Turne precede:
But second Henrie perfectly restalled Wodens Seede.
Nor superstitiously I speake, but .H. the Letter still
Might be obserued ominous to Englands good or ill.
First Hercules, Hesione, and Hellen, were the cause
Of Warre to Troy, Æneas seede becomming so Out-lawes.
Humbar the Hunne, with foreen Armes did first the Brutes inuade.
Hellen to Romes imperiall Throne the Brittish Crowne conuaed:
Hengest and Horsus first did plant the Saxones in this Isle.

Hungar

Hungar and Hubba first brought Danes that swayed here long while.
At Harolde had the Saxone ende, at Hardi-knought the Dane.
Henries the first and second did restore the English Rayne.
Henrie Letigious Lancaster and Yorke unites in peace.
Henrie the Eight did happely Romes Erreligion cease.
Much more escapes this Catalogue. In Honor God increase
God double .H. this workes Defence, her Councell and Allie
That ruleth vs, and safe may rule long after I shall dye.

FINIS.

¶ An Addition, or Remaine in Prose, to the Second Booke of ALBIONS ENGLAND: containing a Breviat of the true Historie of ÆNEAS.

ACcept him (friendly Reader) where hée is, not where he ought: and as he speaketh, not as hée should: Misapplyed he is not for Matter precedent, howsoeuer the penning or misplacing may like or mislike for the English or Order. The Printers forwardnesse preuented me of seating Æneas in his apt Place: and (truth to say) sometimes vnderstoode I the Taske to prosecute his Historie in Verse: howbeit rather hath my Remisnes borrowed of Decorum and your patience, then that a Patriarke of our Brutones should bee obruptly estranged. Of Æneas therefore it thus followeth:

Æneidos.

When the reuengfull Flames of Troy, properly called Ilion, the the Metrapolitaine Citie of Asia, had perfected the more then Teime yearrs Siege of the Gretians erpugning the same: then Æneas (howsoeuer by some authorities noted of disloyaltie towards Priam) in this not vnworthely surnamed vertuous, burdning his armed Shoulders with his feeble and most aged Father Anchises, that laboured also vnder his Loode of the Troyan Gods & sacret Reliques, Æneas (as I say) with such his Burthen, leading by the hand his Sonne Ascanius, of the age of twelue yeares, followed not onely of the beautifull Creusa his wife, the Daughter of King Priam, but also of a many Troyans participating that common calamitie, brake through the wastfull Flames, mauger the wrothfull Foes, into the fields of Phrigia. There the Ayre emptied of downe-burnt Turrets, and filled with smoke of fired Buildings, allured vñ their hearts more teares to their eyes, then the benefite of their present Escape could promise them comfort.

Troy therfore not to be rescued, or Creusa, in this busines lost and perishing, to be recouered, Æneas and his Followers imbarking themselues in Simois, after long and wearie Seafaring, arriued in a parte of Thrace called Cressa, bounding on Mygdonia. Here Æneas purposing an end of his tedious Saylings, and not meanly furnished of Treasure conuayed from Troy, layed Foundation of a Cittie, after the Founder, called Ænea. This Cittie going forward lesse effectually then was expected, Æneas supposing the Gods to bee yet opposite to the Troyans, knocking downe a milk-white Bull, pitched

all

an Alter to doe Sacrafice. Neere at hand were growing diuers shrubbed Trees, the Boughes whereof, for the greater reuerence and ornation of the present Solemnetie, he cutting and lifting downe, perceiued blood in great aboundance issewing from the broken Braunches: whereat long admyzing, and with great terror and deuotion intercessing the Gods, on his knees, to reueale ỳ meaning of that miraculous Accident, at the length he heard a pittifull and feeble voyce (for diuerslye in those daies, did the Deuilles aunswer and giue Oracles) thus aunswering.

Reason were it (Æneas) that ỳ Graues of the dead should priuiledge their bodies from the tyrannie of the liuing: but by so much the lesse doe I esteeme my preiudice, by how much the more I knowe thee vnwittingly iniurious. Thou tearest Æneas, in these Braunches thou tearest, the bodie of thy vnfortunate Brother-in-lawe Polydor, Sonne to the like starred Priamus. Troy as yet was only threatned, not besieged, whē my Father (as thou knowest) deliuered me with a worlde of Treasure to Polymnestor the barborous King of this Countrie: here daungerles (as he pretended) to abide, as the Conseruor and Restauration of his Houle & Empier, whatsoeuer should betide of him, his other Issue, or the Warres beginning. But the Greekes preuayling, Auerice, and the declyning State of Phrigia, imboldned my Garden (fearlesse of Reuengers) to the murthering of me: which he traytrously accomplishing on this Shoore, secretly raked me vp in these Sands, without honor of better Sepulcher: and of my bodie (so hath it pealed the Gods, and Nature) are sprong these Braūches, in tearing of which thou tormentest me. Howbeit, in respect of my desire to profite thee by fortelling of thy Destinie, I accompt me happely harmed: For knowe (Æneas) that in vayne thou doest builde, where the Gods denye thyne abode: leaue therefore these defamed Coastes, and prosperously plant the Remayne of Troy, and thy Posteritie, in the fertill Italian Clime.

The voyce thus ceased to speake, and Æneas, without further touch of the forbidden Shrubbes, continuing his feare

finished

finished the Sacrafice, and after the Phrigian fashion solemnly held an Obit to the ghost of his murthered kinsman.

THen by this admonishment, hee and his Troians leauing the newe reared Cittie, disanker from Thrace in quest of behighted Italie. But no soner had they put to Sea, then that the windes and the waues sollycited (a Poeticall fiction) by the wife of Iupiter, so tossed and turmoyled the disparkled Nauie, that the horror of the circumstaunces, continuallie threatning their liues, left onlie hoped for death as the remaine of all cõfort. At length, these instruments of their long wandringes, and the causes of Anchises, and of manie noble personages, their perishing, coũterpleaded (as is fabled) by Venus, tossed their distackled Fleete to the shore of Libya.

Neere to the place of their arriuall, stoode the beautifull Cittie of Carthage, which Elisa (whom the Phœnicians for her magnanimious dying, did afterwards name Dido) had newly builded: Æneas by a safe conduct receiued from her, repayring thether, found such royall entertainement, that in respect of the present sollace, hee had forgotten al passed sorrowes, and his hart-spent Troians, found bountifull supplies to all their late endured scarsities.

In the meanewhile Æneas for personage the Iouialist, for well-spoken the Mercurialist, and no lesse fortunate vnder Venus her constellation, with his comlines so intised the eyes, with his speeches so inchaunted the eares, & with his vertues so enflamed the hart of the amorous Carthagian Queene, that hardly modestie discented, that her tongue affirmed not the loue, which her eyes outwardly blabbed, and her hart inwardly nourished. In thend, not able longer to containe such extraordinarie Passions, in this order she vented the same to the Lady Anna her Syster.

My trustie Sister, quoth thee, (then sighing out a pawse) how manie great Princes, since the decease of my late husband Sichæus, and our departure from Tyrus, haue in vayne laboured a marriage with me, hath béene vnto thée no lesse apparant, then of me hetherto vnapproued. But nowe (haled on I knowe not by what destenie) our newcome Guest Æneas the Troian, whose matchlesse personage and knightlie prowesse I partially commende not, all confirming of him, no lesse then I can affirme, the same, euen the same hath supplanted my chast determinations of continuall widdowhood, with an amarous desire of a second marriage: howbeit, to determine without him, as I must, were to be deteined of him, as I may. What counsell? My selfe (Anna) ah my selfe to motion loue were immodestie, and to be silent lesse tollerable thē death. I would (a violent no volentarie wish) that Elisa knewe her selfe beloued of Æneas, Æneas not knowing himselfe so loued of Elisa.

Her Syster with a chærefull countenaunce promising comfort, performed the same in this aunswer. Dumsignes (quoth she) haue their spæches: not any that obserueth your lookes, but easilie aymeth at your loue: greater is the wonder of your strickt chastity, then it woulde be a nouell to sée you a Bigama: that priuately peuishe and curious, this publiquely, common and commodious. Or euer Carthage be perfected in the ayre, Elisa may putrefie in the earth: What Moniment then leauest thou to thy Tyrians, scarce warme in Affric, then a Citties imperfect foundation? Which béeing alreadye an eyesore to the wylde and warlike Libyans, Barchæs, Getulians, and the rest of the Affricans, shall then be vtterly extinct, with the verie name of the Foundres. But in matching with so great and valiāt a Prince as is Æneas, thou shalt not onelie liue with whom thou dost loue, and by consorting thy Tyrians with his Troians, strongly disapoynt the enuie of those Nations, but (for Nature hath

not

not gyuen thée such beauty to dye barren) béeing a wyfe, become (no doubt) a mother, and by legittimat propagation so glad thy Subiects feareles of ciuill dissentions. Who can then dislike that Elisa should so loue: Bury Sister the thoughts of Sichæus with his dead bones, and prosperously prosecute and preuaile in thy swéete passions of Æneas. Plie him with all prouisions and amorous entertainments, onely for his Shippe-workes sayne delatorie wants: and by Winter be past, hee partly comming will (feare not) be perfectly reclamed. This counsell of Anna, though it heaped as it were Athos on Ætna, yet was it praysed and practised of Elisa: for Counsel sothing the humour of the councelled, howsoeuer vnprofitable, is accounted plausable. Hencefoward the Quéene to be admyred, not matched for her exquisite beauty, and rather borrowing of Arte then scanting Nature, as braue in apparell, as beautifull in person, and voted, euen in her better part, to the loue of Æneas, so sorted all her deuises to his best liking, that shortly him selfe laboured with her in one and the selfe same payne of wished-for pleasure. Omytting therefore the circumstaunces of their discourses, feastings, and all Poeticall faynings, onely procéede we, in few, to the Euent of these their amorous Beginninges.

A hunting was generally appointed: the Queene, Æneas, their Ladies, and Knights brauely mounted: the Standes were prewned: the Toyles pitched: ỳ Hounds vncopled: the Game rowsed a foote, and followed: when suddainly amidst the harborlesse Desart in the hottest pursute, the Skye, ouercast with blacke Clowdes, shewred downe such flashes of Lyghtning, vollies of Thunder, Hayleftones, and Rayne, that glad was euery of the Tyrians and Troians, dispersing themselues, to shyft for one, Elisa and Æneas, in the meanewhile, finding a Caue that sheltred them twayne. Béeing there all alone, vn-

knowne of, and vnsought for of their Seruaunts. Oportunitie the chiefe Actrisse in all attempts, gaue the Plaudiat in Loue hys Comedie. Imagine short wooing where either partie is wylling: their faithes plighted for a marriage to be solemnized (with kind kysses among) hee did what harmed not, and shee had what displeased not: A younge Æneas shoulde haue béene molded, had hee not béene marred (as might séeme) in the making. When this swéete Calme in the sharpe storme, was with the Tempest thus ouerpassed, then came they both out, not such as they entred in: & were receiued of their Traynes, attending their pleasures, not examining their pastimes: and so hauing continued the Chace, vntill night discontinued their sport, they retyring to Carthage, were sumptuously feasted of Elisa in her Pallace. During these their Alcion daies (not generally liked of all) one there was, a Noble Troian, that had these spéeches to Æneas.

Shouldest thou beléeue (farre be it from Æneas so to beléeue) that the Oracles of our Gods, behighting vs the Conquest of Italie, were supersticious, then beléeue also (vndeceiued maist thou so beléeue) that our effeminate abode heere is vaine and slaunderous: to attempt that former without an Oracle, yea with the losse of our liues, is honourable, because we are Troians: to entertaine this latter, inuited and daungerles, reprochfull, because we are Troians. Ah (Aeneas) haue we shipped our Gods from home, to be witnesses of our wantonnesse heere? Beléeue me, better had it béene we had dyed in Phrygia men, then to liue thus in Affric like women. Consider also the place whereinto wee are nowe broughte, and then conceaue of the possibility of our héere abode: shall I tell thée. were there not (if in the meane whyle no other Accident crosse thy now blisse) were there not I say, an Elisa héere to loue thée, or were there not an Aeneas to be beloued of her, no sooner should the first deceased of you be deliuered of life, then the Suruyuors of vs Troians

ians be denyed thys Land: and then, if we should proue so vngratefull as to resist our Releuors, yet hauing number we want Munition: for neyther our Shyppes bee tackled, nor wee armed, but at the deliuerie and appointment of the Tyrians. Learne therefore (Aeneas) after so long pleasure in loue, at the last profitably and politickly to loue: and whatsoeuer thy play be in Affrick, let henceforth the Mayne be Italie. Mean-while commaunde (most humbly we desire to bee so commaunded) that thy Shyppes be secretely calked, tallowed, ballaced, tackled, victled, and armed: and then (thy selfe also reformed) wittingly or vnwillinglie to Elisa leaue her and her effeminate Cittie: with resolution neuertheles (if thou so please) at more leysure to loue her. So effectuallie did Aeneas lysten to this motion, that gyuing order for the readines and secrete repayring of his Fleete, hee promised a speedie and suddaine departure: and hys men not slypping opportunities, executed the same with as effectuall diligence.

It happened in thys meanewhyle, ỹ Quéene to mount the high Turrets of her Pallace royal, where loking towardes the Rhode, she perceyued how earnestly the Troians laboured in trymming, pauashing, and furnishing theyr Nauie: then assuring her selfe not deceiued, that she should be deceiued, and discending as it were maiestically madde, méeting with Aeneas, she sayd.

Before (Aeneas) I beheld thy shypwracks and wants, I beléeued some God aryued at Carthage: yea when I knewe thée but a man, yet hath my conceit honoured thee with a Deitie: but nowe these thy inhumaine Trecheries, not worthy the vnworthyest Tytles, argue so farre of from a Godhood, as thou shewest thy selfe lesse then a Man, and worse then a Deuill. What hath Carthage not worthy Aeneas? I assure thée, if any be so much, no Cittie is more happy then Carthage. But the Queene pleaseth not Aeneas: oh that Aeneas had not pleased the

Quéne: then might I haue bettered my choyse for honour, or not haue bewayled thy chaunge for the dishonor. But (vngratefull) wilt thou indéede leaue me? yea, then that thou meanest the contrary nothing more false, but to deriue thy departure from any desert of myne, nothing lesse true. If therefore the life of Elisa, the loue of Elisa, the land of Elisa, her wealth, thy want, her teares, thy vowes, her distresse, thy dishonor, the delightes of thys Shore, the daungers of those Seas, Carthage possessed, Italie vnconquered, peace without warre héere. warre without peace there, thy wracks past, the Winter to come, anie euils whereof I warne thée, anie good that I haue wrought thée, and more good that I haue wished thée, if anie thing said, or more then I can say, hath or doth want Argument to seate thée in Affrick, yet at the least for thine owne safety, stay a more temperate season: dreging in the meane-while excuses, for thine vnurged departure: and so I flattered, shall either patient my selfe, or repent thy fléeting in a milder Extasie. I did (wel may I forethinke me so to haue done) entertaine thée beyond the degrée of an Hostesse, or the dignity of a Guest: and yet (vngratefull Guest to so kind an Hostis) for such welcome thou hast not pretended a farewell. Thus alas finding thy loue lesse then it ought, I repent to haue loued more then I should: and because thou appearest not the same thou wert, I am not reputed the same I am: but as the by-worde of the Tyrians, the Staple of the Troians, and the scorne of the Affricans, howbeit (in trueth) the fayth-plyghted Wyfe of faythlesse Aeneas. But who will so beléeue? nay beleeue not so who wyll, thy departure shall bée my death, my death thy sinne, thy sinne the worldes spéeche, the worldes spéeche thy reproofe, and thy reproofe my purgation: for were thy selfe Juror and Judge of the more offensyue, my credulencie, or thine inconstancie, the Juror coulde not but

gyue

giue Verdict for Elisa, and the Judge sentence against Aeneas: then (yf not for my sute) yet for thyne owne sake, let mee not pleade tediously, and without grace, that pleade so truelie, and with more greefe then for the quantitie I may suffer, or for the quallitie thou canst censure.

Aeneas, not lightly gauled at her impatience, whom bee styll loued more then a lyttle, howbeit lesser then hys nowe regarde of honour, thankfully acknowledged her great bounty, counterpleading to haue pretended a departure without leaue taken, vouching moreouer the displeasure of hys Gods for contempt of their Oracles, manifested by fearefull Dreames and sundry Visions, as also the urging of hys Troians impatient of tarriance: so that hee resting in Resolution, not to bee wonne by wooing, or reclamed by exclaiming, the Quéene became spéechles and senceleſſe, and was in a swoune conuayed from his presence: In which businesse bée boording hys Shyppes, in the deade of nyght hoysting vppe sayles, left Carthage to séeke Italie.

The Quéene, not capable of anie rest, by day appearing diseried from a Turret the Rhode cleered of the Troian Nauie: then not willingly silent, nor able to speake, shee stoode as stoode Niobe, after the foureténth reuenge by Latonas Issue. Which her then, and after Extremities, to bee glaunced at, not indged of, bréefelie I thus decyfer: Imagine, (for vnimagined, vnacted) a substãtial, & palpable appearãce of Loue, Wroth, Sorrow, and Dispayre, acting in their aptest habits, and extreamest passyons, and then suppose Elisa not onely the same, but more feruently loning, more furiously wrothfull, more confusedly sorrowfull, and more impatientlye desperett. Imagine lastly the first thrée imagined Actors, after long partes occupyed, leauing the Stage to the

fourth, as to the perfectest Imperfection: and then from such imagined Stratagem attend thys actuall Catastropha.

A Wyzarde or Wytch (the too common Oracles of manie too credulent women) had instructed the Quéene, that an Emollation or burnt Sacrifice offered to the infernall Deities, of the Armour, Ornaments, and al what soeuer the Reliques of Aeneas, left behind him at his departure from Carthage, would effectually estraunge the outrage of her passions, and extinct in her ỹ very remembraunce of Aeneas. Thys Counsell (either for that at the first she beléeued it possible, or for that opportunitie so offered it selfe to practise the thing she did purpose) Elisa entertayning, opened the same to Anna her Syster: who simply, vnsuspitious of the sequell, prouided secretely as was gyuen her in charge, a pyle of dry Faggots, crowned with Garlands for the dysmall Sacrifice: which, and Elisa her'selfe in a readynes, Aeneas his Armour béeing her eyes Obiect became in thys wise her tongues Subiect.

Wyth this quoth she (eying the Armour) ỹ craking Trojan bosted to haue buckled wt the gallant Diomedes, not seldome to haue offended the defencelesse Grecians, and after many loned blowes at the sacking of Troy, valiantly to haue bordded his thence-bent Nauie: thys Armour profitable to my preiudice, there defensiue to him, to bee héere effensiue to me, were it vnnecessarie to thys Sacrifice, shoulde neuertheless burne for the same trespasse. Thys Cuppe, thys Phrigian Cuppe, too guilty of too many Tyrian draughts, Assystaunts in forming me audatiously amorous, shall now occupy these cerimonial flames, as the then Accessarie to a contrarie fire. These Bracelets, and these Caringes, by too often and offentious handes fastned, and loosed, with begged and graunted kysses among, and nowe lesse precious by the Gyuer hys practise, shall also adde Cynders to the repentant payment of mine ouer-rated pleasure. Lastly are remay-

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ning onely two Reliques of that Recreant, this Swoꝛd, and *Eliſa* her ſelfe. But what? diodeſt thou (Aeneas) leaue this, and thyne Armoꝛ in Carthage, as if in Italie thou ſhouldeſt encounter an other *Eliſa*? inconſiderat that thou art, albeit ſuch feareles Conflicts beſt beſœme ſuch effeminate Captaines, yet no Clymat can affoꝛde thée one ſo fooliſh, and thereꝛe in no Country erpecte ſuch Foꝛtune. The Stoꝛme (ah from thence are theſe teares) cheltring vs twayne lately in one Caue, was (no doubt) ominous to theſe euills: foꝛ then ſhoulde I haue remembꝛed, that like as Shelters are chiefely ſought foꝛ in Stoꝛmes, ſo men labour our fauours onely in extremities: but their luſtes ſatiſfyed, oꝛ wants ſupplyed, as of Shelters in Sunne-ſhyne they eſtimat our bountie, leauing thenceforth euen to ſœme ſuch as (in troth) they neuer were: but what is naturall is of neceſſitie, onely let it be graunted, he is a Man, and it foloweth neceſſarilye he is deceitful. Fly Traytoꝛ, Aeneas flye, vnfollowed and vnfriended of *Eliſa*: euer may the windes bee contrarie to thy Courſe, and the Seas not pꝛomiſe thée one howꝛes ſafety: euer be thy Shippe dꝛowning, and thy ſelfe neuer but dying: often reſayle in a moment, whence thou wert ſayling a moneth: let no blaſte from the Ayꝛe, oꝛ Billowe in the Sea, ſtirre but to thy pꝛeiudice: and when no hoꝛroꝛ and miſhap hath fayled thee, with thy dead bodie to the vttermoſt plagued, perriſh alſo may thy Soule vnpardoned. But leaſt mine incharitie pꝛoue leſſe pardonable then his Iniurie, I that will not lyue to heare it ſo, hartily diſclame to haue it ſo: pardon thereforꝛe ye Gods me deſiring it, and him deſeruing it. Troth is it, this one Sacrifice ſhall giue ende to myne infinite ſoꝛrowes: but not (alas) with theſe burninges rather found guiltie of new beginninges, but with my harts blood, the lateſt Ceremonie wanting to thys Erquiſite. Scarcely had theſe woꝛds paſſed her mouth, when with Aeneas hys Swoꝛde ſhe pierced her Bꝛeſt: ſo perfoꝛming

forming on her selfe a Tragedie sought for, and to hers a terror vnlooked for.

Whilst Dido (so named of this her death, or, as haue some not lesse probable of so preuenting Hiarbas, minacing her marriage) was thus passionate, & did thus perrish, Aeneas after weary Sea-faring, much sorrowe many people and places séene and sayled from, arryuing in Sicilie, was ioyfully entertayned of his auncient friend Kyng Acestes: and there (as the yéere before, at *Drepanum*) did solemnize an Anniuersarie, at the Tombe of hys father *Anchises*. The Maskeries, feates, and actiue pastymes, tryed heere by the Troian and Cicilian youth, with land & sea Skirmidges by running, ryding, leaping, shooting, wrestling, and such like, with Bacing on foote and on horsback: this last a sport lately vsed of our English youthes, but nowe peuishly perhaps, vnpolitickly I am sure discontinued: Or how ỹ Women of Troy (wher of manie were also imbarcked from thence) tyred with the perils of the Sea, and intised with the pleasures of Sicilie, to preuent further sayling fired their Shyps, not without great losse rescued: Or howe Aeneas buylding there the Cittie *Acesta*, peopled the same with his women, and impotent Troians: Or of the drowning, and Reuise of Palinurus: & manie Occurrants hapning héere, at Cuma, Caieta, and elsewhere I omit, as lesse pertinent then the hastning of Aeneas into Italie.

Wherefore shypping him from Sicilie, I nowe lande him in Latium: in which part of Italie raigned and was Resident in his Cittie Laurentum the King *Latinus*, to whom *Aeneas* addressed a hundred Knights, one of them delyuering this Ambasse.

Ignorant are we not most gracious King (for in that Tytle art thou famous, and in that tryall may we prowue fortunate) of thy Consanguinitie with the Troians, by noble discentes from Dardanus our auncient Progenitor: neyther

neyther canſt thou but know that Troy is ſacked, and her people for the moſt part ſlaughtered: onely know, (if alreadie thou knowſt it not) that *Aeneas* our Duke, with a few hys Folowers, hetherto reſerued to more infortunes, after more then ſeauen yéeres sayling, are laſtly (and luckilie I hope) arryued in thy Countrey. Yolwbeit of many vnpeopled places, for pleaſure and fertility moſte worthy manuring, haue we abandoned the quiet poſſeſſion: yea many the greateſt Princes of *Europe* and *Affrick*, haue voluntarily deſired our Taryance denyed: onely infinite Seas haue we sayled, and more ſorrowes ſuſtayned to ſéeke this Clyme, from whence we Troians deryue our Originalles, and whether our Gods haue dyrected vs by their Oracles. Thys thy Country in reſpect of the bignes, may eaſilie affoorde rome for a newe Troy to be builded: A plot more ſpacious wee do not aſke, A ſmaller ſute thou canſt not graunt, if with our preſent extremities thou alſo peiſe our purpoſed loyalties. Neuer were we thy foes, & euer wil we cõtinue thy friends. Seated we muſt be, and héere we would be. We dare not diſobey the Gods commaunding it, nor would we diſcontent thée in demaunding it: graciouſly therefore conceaue of our Petition, and gratefully receiue from Aeneas theſe worthleſſe Preſents.

Hauing thus ſayd, he in the name of Aeneas, preſented the King with a moſt ritch Mantell or Robe: with an inualuable Crowne of Golde, enchaſed with precious Stones: and with the late royall Scepter of King Priamus: with a ſtanding Cuppe, and other Treaſure: which *Latinus* chéerefully receiuing, returned the Troians thys aunſwere:

Had not the Gods commanded your hether repaire, which I gainſay not: or were we not of Allyance, wherin I diſclame not: Or my Kingdome not rome-ſome enough to receiue you, as it is: Or had ye not brought pretious and peaceable Preſents, as ye haue: yet to diſmiſſe

Wayfarers vnrested and vnrelæued, were contrary to the Gods of Hospitalitie, and (which they defend, that I should therin offende) *Latinus* his honour. Ouer fast hee sitteth, that securely sitteth: for as hee that is timerous hath too little prouidence, so he that is scareles hath too much presumption: yea lesse grieuous are expected then vnlooked for euilles. I speake not this as I feare to fall, but as I fore-see I may fal: for the vnpearching of others should be for preachings to vs. Priuie am I vnto your distresse, applying the like possibility for me so to decline: for who is priuiledged from becomming such? and who is such that would not haue succour? My deere Frendes and Alies, sorrie I am that ye haue so yll cause to estrang your selues from home, but gladde that I am in so good case to entertaine you heere. Let Aeneas seate him, and prosper ye in Italie: my land well may abide it, and my selfe brooke it. Yea more: (for the Oracle of my mynde consorts no doubt with those of our GODS) *Lauinia* my sole Daughter and heyre, forbidden a Natiues, and behighted a Straungers Marriage, hath founde a Husband, and I a Sonne-in-lawe: at the leaste I wyshe it would be, and hope it wyll be. Make my thanks to Aeneas for his Presents, and be you Masters of your Petitions.

The Troians sumptuously feasted: euery mã on a gyuẽ Corser brauely & ritchly mounted: dismissed: returned: & *Latinus* his aunswere and Present deliuered: Aeneas neuertheles, as farre from beeing secure, as ioyous of such Tydings, knowing the good spæde of a Straunger, to be an Eye-sore to the people, and therefore not careles suspitious of it that might causeles succæde, strongly inmured his Men in a new-built Fortresse.

In the meane-while, their Arriuall and Entertaynement with *Latinus*, occupied and for the most-part, offended all Italie. Enuiously stormed Amata the Quéene, that

that *Lauina* her Daughter and Darling should be wedded to a Straunger, an Exile (as she termed him:) and therefore, when she could not dissuade the King by flattery, she insensed his Nobles and Subiectes to resist it, forcibly.

On the otherside, Turnus, Prince of the Rutules, in person exceeding all for comlines, and in Armes equall to anie for his courage, to whom *Lauinia* was before promised in Marriage, as Mal-content as any for being thus circumuented by Æneas, therefore helde a Counsell in hys sumptuous Cittie Ardea, scituate in the territory of *Latium*, how to intercept the Troians by wyles, expell them by warres, weaken them by wants, disapoynt Aeneas, and possesse himselfe of *Lauinia*. Often sent he Messengers, and sometimes Menaces, to aduertise *Latinus* that he was promised he should, and to assure him he purposed he would enioy her, or anger him. But by howe much more *Latinus* was religiously vnremouable in his Resolution for Aeneas, by so much the more did Turnus giue loose raynes to hys headye anger: Howbeit sufficient matter wanted for his mallice to worke vpon, vntill by euill happe his choller toke aduauntage of his colour.

Ascanius, with diuers Troian Gentlemen his Frends, and others his Attendants, Hunting in a Forrest not farre from their Fortresse, by chance did incounter, strike and chace a fayre and well spread Stagge, which ỹ Children of one Tyrrhus the Kinges Kaunger, and Steward of his Grounds, a Man of no meane account amongst the *Latines*, had from a Fawne nourished, & so intreated that, no Beast might be more tamer. This Stagge thus stroken and followed of the Troians, and taking the readiest way to the house of Tyrrhus, with bleeding hawnches entring the Hall, was first espied of Syluia or Ilia, a yong Gentlewoman, in whose lappe he sleeping had often layd his head, and at whose handes he had many a time taken Brouse, beene kemed, and trimmed. She seeing the Stag

in such plight, almost swouned ere she could weepe, and wept ere she might speake, and spoake ere shee was heard, and was heard ere shee was pittied, and pittied ere she was comforted, and comforted onely in promise of Reuenge.

At the winding of an Horne, came flocking thether in a tryse, the Heardsmen, Shepheardes, Plowmen, and Hyndes: thys Antieke of Grownes, finding Almon the eldest Sonne of Tyrrhus, and theyr young Mystres Syluia grieuously passionate, and their olde fellowe the Stagge bloody and braying his last, question no farther what should be done, but were furiously inquisitiue after the doers.

In thys meane-time by euill hap, Ascanius & hys Companie drawing by Parsie after the Stagge (which they knewe not for tame) were entred the vielwe of this Schoole of inraged Clownes: who all at once and suddainly, with such weapons as they had or founde nerest at hand, as Staues, Sheep-hookes, Dung-forks, Flayles, Plow-staues, Ares, Hedging-Betels, yea Lybbattes newelie snatched from burning, and what not: fearcely assayled with downe ryght blowes the amazed Troians: who not hauing leysure to aske questions, couragiously entertayne the vnknowne Quarrell. And so long and daungerously for eyther part continued this confusion of blowes, and effusion of blode, that by nowe it was bruted at the Fortresse, and at *Laurentum*, and was anon increased by rescue from either Faction: neither had this Skufling an ende vntill night was begunne: at what time the *Latines*, *Rutules*, and *Troians*, left the wylde Medlye, howbeit not discontinuing their malice.

Of chiefe account amongst the *Latines*, were slayne lusty Almon, and aged Galesus, a man of an honest and wealthye condition, whilst hee vnseasonably amongste blowes, deliuered vnregarded perswasions of Peace.

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The wounded Corses of these twayne, did *Turnus* cause to be conuayed to the viewe of *Latinus*, as Arguments of their common dammage: him selfe with an enuious hart, and an enuective tongue, amplefying the same to the vttermost: not vnassisted therein by the yrefull Quéene Amata, or vn-furthered by the hurly burlie of the impatient people, all labouring the King to denounce Armour against the *Troians*.

Latinus in this tumult of hys Subiects, and trauell of hys Senses, assuring himselfe that Æneas was ỳ man prophesied to the Marriage of *Lauinia*, and succession of *Latium*, Dissuaded, but might not Perswade wyth the heady multitude. In fewe, with such efficacie did the dead Corses inuite it, the Quéene intreate it, *Turnus* affect it, and the People followe it, that lastly, though against his mind, the King did suffer the *Laurentines* to reare on their Walles absolute Tokens of imynent Warres. Thus founde *Turnus* that which hee longed for, and Aeneas no lesse then he looked for: and eyther sollyciting succours, were not long vnfurnished of hardy Souldiers: yea, in respecte of their multuous Armies, the Warres lately ceased at *Troy*, might now haue béene sayd reuiued in *Italie*.

But as in hys Wanderinges, so in his warres, my purpose is breuity: eyther which the Lawriat Trumpetor of his glory hath so effectually sownded, that many might amplifie, I could itterat, but not any can amende it: neuertheles in remembring of this Hystorie, I haue also vsed other Authorities.

YT followeth: After long Warres valiantly on eyther part performed, Manie greate Kinges, Princes, and Parsonages perrished: when lastly the *Rutiles* begunne to be repentant of their wrong, and the *Troians* wearie of the Warres, Aeneas and *Turnus* mæting had these wordes. And first Aeneas.

Often Truces haue we had (*Turnus*) for the burial of our deade, neuer Intreaties of peace for the welfare of those aliue: onely once (as I haue béene euer) diddest thou séeme (thou diddest but séeme) prouident that no moe should miscarie, offering me Combate, which I accepting haue in vaine expected: but since thy minde chaunged I wote not by what meanes, haue chaunged ỹ lyues of I wote not how many. But now, euen now (when for the palpable leasing thou shouldest not speake like *Turnus*, shouldest thou deny the better of the warres to abide with Aeneas, and yet I still be Aeneas, though playing vpon that Aduauntage with *Turnus*) euen nowe, I say, my selfe do request thée of that Combate, whereby further Blood-sheds may, happily, bee concluded. Beléeue me, wert thou a Begger, and I a Monark, yet (so much doo I emulate, not enuie, thy glory) I woulde hazarde all in a Combate, requested of so valerous a Competitor. But least (perhaps) I ouer-breath thy tyckled Conceite with more selfe-lyking then is expedient, knowe Man, *Turnus* know, Nature, Breath, Arte, Education, nor whatsoeuer are in any thing more beneficiall to *Turnus*, then that iustly be may enuie as much or more in Aeneas.

To thys aunswered the Rutule thus: Whether thou speakest this (Aeneas) as insulting ouer my infortune, or as insolent of thine owne felicitie, or emulous (as thou sayst and I beléeue it) of my glory, trust mee, (onely if thus, in thy better successe, to abandon thy selfe to such offered disaduauntage be not indiscretion) neuer hearde I wherein to derogate from thy pollicie: but say it indiscretion, yet by *Iupiter* (Aeneas) it is honourable indiscretion. Not to encounter so heroicall (for in thée I enuie not that Epitithon) a Combattant, is as contrary to my thought, as contenting to my very Soule, and as contenting to my Soule, as if Aeneas were already conquered and *Turnus* Conqueror: either which I deuine, at ỹ leastwise

wise I am determined to aduenture: be prouided therefore (Æneas) of courage, for thou prouokest no Coward, but euen *Turnus*, that would haue asked no lesse, had hee not doubted Aeneas not to haue dared to aunswere so much. Thus, and with these Conditions: that further warres should finish, that the Espousall of *Lauinia*, and Succession of *Latium* should bee the Prize to the Victor, A Combat to be tryed by these twayne body against body was, vpon Othes taken and other Circumstaunces, ratefyed.

Nowe were they Armed, Mounted, and did Encounter: their Coursers were breathles, the Ryders Dysmounted, and buckled on Foote: both offended, eyther defended, and nayther faynted. Lastly, not with vnrequited blowes, was *Turnus* Disarmed, the Vanquished pleading for life, and the Victor not purposing his death, had he not espied on his Shoulders the sometimes Badrike of his once especiall Frende Pallas, King *Euander* his Sonne, whom *Turnus* in Battell ouercomming had put to Sword: then Aeneas saying, onely in this Spoyle thou shalt not tryumphe, and onely for his sake am I vnintreatable, shoffed his Sworde through hys Breaste, *Turnus* so ending the World, and Aeneas the Warres.

Then was he peaceably wedded to *Lauinia*, & shortly after possessed of *Latium*: After which, about three yeeres he dying, left his Kingdome to Ascanius, and *Lauinia* with Childe. She at her time, and at the house of the before remembred Tyrrhus, was deliuered of *Syluius Posthumus*: so called of hys beeing borne amongst ỹ Woddes, after the death of his Father. To him (because in right, it was the Inheritance of *Syluius* from his Mother) dyd Ascanius voluntarilie resigne the Kingdome of *Latium*: and of him, for his honourable Regyment, were all the after *Latine* Kinges called *Syluij*: Finally he Hunting and mistaken amongst the Thickets for a Stagge, was slayne with an Arrowe by his Sunne Brutus. This Bru-

tus, for sorrow and his safety, accompanied with manie lusty Gentlemen, and others of Aeneas his Troians Ofspring, imbarking themselues, after long Sayling, aryued in this Iland, then called Albion: whose Gyantlike Inhabitants (in respect of their monstrous making and inciuill Manners sayd to haue beene engendred of Deuilles) he ouercomming, Manured their Countrey, and after his owne name called it Brutaine. And thus hauing begotten Brutus an Originall to our Brutons, I conclude this abridged Hystorie of his Grand-Father Aeneas.

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Finis. William Warner.

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